

DARJEELING
DITTIES
AND
OTHER POEMS.

CAPTAIN J. A. KEBLE.



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Darjeeling Ditties and Other Poems.

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A Souvenir.

SECOND EDITION.

"IF THOU WOULDST READ A LESSON, THAT WILL KEEP
THY HEART FROM FAINTING AND THY SOUL FROM SLEEP,
GO TO THE WOODS AND HILLS."—*Longfellow.*

By

Captain J. A. Keble,
Rd. 1st East Surrey Regiment.

AUTHOR OF

"CREEDS, A WORLD-EMBRACING POEM,"

"LITERARY MASTERPIECES WITH INTRODUCTIONS,"

"MALTA, ITS CHARM AND WORTH!"

"MALTA, A PÆAN OF PRAISE!"

"MALTA, A HISTORICAL SUMMARY!"

ETC.

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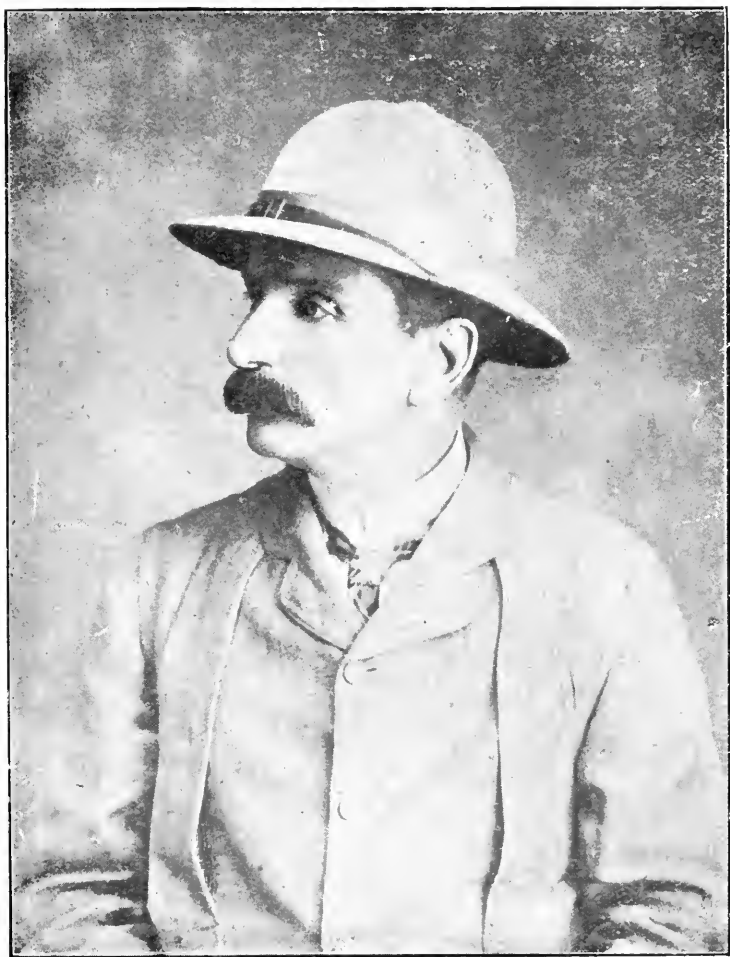
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AS WHEN, A SOLDIER.

Yours faithfully,
J. A. Keble.



AS NOW, A PLANTER.

Yours faithfully,
J. A. Keble.

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INTRODUCTION.

“DARJEELING DITTIES” were written mainly for the local press, and as most of the lines told of then current doings, they had, of course, to be penned hurriedly, with no time for revision, ready for the next issue of the paper. Some were written in the *Darjeeling Advertiser* Office. Passing events, for the press, must be told at once, or, in a journalistic sense, they are ancient history. (*See Note, p. 33.*) A number of the pieces are therefore in the facile trochaic, or iambic tetrameter. To manage a Tea Estate without an assistant, *babu*, or *moonshee*, leaves little spare time ; but the evenings, in part, are generally one’s own for private matters.

A number of residents’ and visitors’ names having appeared in the verses, many friends, and “whom we call friends seem to sweeten life’s cup and fill it with the nectar of the gods,” asked for the verses to be given in book form, that they might have them together as a Souvenir of pleasant events and days passed in the Queen of Hill Stations ; the newspaper cuttings were therefore sent to the printers to deal with, and were published in 1908 ; but in this Second Edition the lines have been revised, and given stricter poetic form, in that the stanzas match with one another in number of lines, etc. ; and other pieces are included ; though the names of persons appearing in the first issue, have been mostly omitted, as concern in them is passing ; but the magnificent scenery—hills, snows, water-courses

forests and deep ravines,—and the clubs, hotels and boarding-houses, etc., remain, so the verses telling of their attractions, continue in touch ; and as the social functions and entertainments, etc., of each season usually repeat themselves, they are but as reflexes of the past, and therefore the descriptions and accounts herein continue, as it were, current.

The descriptive quotations given in the “Prefatory,” pp. ix. to xii., have been culled direct from the original works, whilst those from “The Indian Alps,” have, in addition, been compiled from a number of its disconnected pages. “Next to the originator of a sentence is the first quoter of it. . . . By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote.”—(R. W.

Emerson.)

No credit is claimed for poetic merit, nonetheless the lines will be found to run smoothly and in general keep to the measures of their sets. The *Westminster Gazette*, London, says, “A great deal of verse is made by people who do not even suspect the existence of any laws about verse-making . . . an uninstructed writer, though he may, by some happy accident, produce a correct and beautiful lyric, cannot fail to make his ignorance patent in any representative collection of his writings.” It is hoped that forced accents and forced rhymes, and “wrong rhythms, the ‘Hall-mark’ of doggerel,” have been generally avoided. There being no ambiguities to perplex, the verses, explaining themselves, may be scanned or conned with ease, and read straight off without check.

Poetry, like divinity, comes by contemplation and exalted thoughts, and, at its grandest, is expressed in nobility of language, with "The best word in the best place." Music, voice expression, sculpture, painting, drawing and poetry are, by affinity of inspiration, one and the same, though shown or given in different forms and settings ; to which architecture being added, we get that noble alliance, spoken of, as Poetry and the Arts. Visual poetry shows itself in nature, sculpture, architecture, painting, art work and verse ; whilst the poetry of sound is realised in music, vocal expression, echo, etc. *Plutarch* says, "Poetry is vocal painting, and painting is silent poetry."

Mr. Laurence Binyon, in a lecture at King's College, London, said :—"What was more capable of giving enchanting delight than verse, flexible, vibrant, tender and sonorous, given through that most wonderful instrument, the human voice, spoken rhythmically with apt action and gesture."

"WE ARE ALL POETS WHEN WE READ A POEM WELL."

Mr. A. J. Balfour, ex-Premier, at Bedford College, London, in his address as President of the English Association, made this statement :—(First) "Verse gives the unaccountable pleasure that we get from melody," and (Second) "Language brought out in its highest possible perfection, must be a source of gratification to everybody who really understands one of the pleasures, and not one of the least, which literature is capable of giving us. In addition there is a third

thing. Poetry permits, justifies, even encourages the use of ornament and decoration, enrichment in fact, which would be out of place, out of taste and altogether superfluous, and indeed injurious in prose."

If these "Darjeeling Ditties and Other Poems" with whatever ornament, decoration and enrichment they may possess, should give a tithe of the delight, pleasure and gratification told of by these noted gentlemen, the author will consider his verse poetically very fortunate.

The "Prefatory" (pages ix. to xv.) gives a prose account of the natural beauties, etc., of Darjeeling. The "Ditties" that follow give poetic descriptions of the same grand scenery in mountains, eternal snows, hills, spurs, forests, ravines, torrents, rivers, cloud and sunrise and sunset effects, with their impression upon the beholder, the health-giving, pure mountain air, and charm of situation; also of man's splendid work in mountain roads, railway loops and zigzag ascensions, and evergreen tea gardens; and besides of villas, cottages, residences, clubs, hotels, flower gardens, etc.; and amusements in glee singing, concerts, amateur theatricals, musical plays, band playing, rinking, races, and recurring social functions:—balls, at homes, gymkhanas, garden parties, tennis, and fine art and military displays, festivities and sorrows,—all more or less of a general and collective character, and lastly, "God's Haven of Rest" on the terraced, sunny hill-side, where sleep so many passed friends and loved ones.

The "Other Poems" are added to widen the interest in the volume, particularly as regards India, some of the poems telling of other Indian scenes, and matters, and of voyaging to and from our own dear native strand to the ancient, wondrous Eastern land of adoption.

"A book is a bubble on the stream, and although it may catch the sunshine for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift rushing torrent, and be seen no more."—*Longfellow*. "Outre Mer."

"Dost thou covet fame? Vain dreamer! To what end is all this toil, these midnight vigils? A few brief days—and what will the busy world know of thee?"—*Idem*.

The "Homestead,"
Darjeeling, India.
19th December, 1912.

J. A. KEBLE,
Manager,
Happy Valley Tea Estate.

ERRATA.

The errors here noted, it is seen, all come within the section pp. 33 to 64, which 32 pages were printed off, through a misunderstanding, before these corrections had been made.

Page. Line.

33	1	<i>For</i>	asked for in ...	<i>read</i>	craved in half
34	last but 1	"	Jitendra ...	<i>read</i>	Jitendro
38	13	"	o'erborn	<i>read</i>	o'erborne
40	9th last	<i>Delete</i>		<i>Substitute</i>	This gifted lady crown-
44	4th last	<i>After</i>	Charlie's ...	<i>add</i>	<i>Being</i> ed the cast !
44	2nd last	<i>Delete</i>		<i>substitute</i>	A miner blest with
45	21	<i>For</i>	I left Miss Smith	<i>read</i>	Miss Smith [stamina,
			in charge.		was left at large.
47	margin	"	See Note 6 ...	<i>read</i>	7
48	footnote	"	characters ...	<i>read</i>	amateurs
49	20	"	Jitendra ...	<i>read</i>	Jitendro
51	Notes 5 & 6 exchange				
52	1	<i>Delete</i>	" " !		
52	Chorus 2	<i>For</i>	game ...	<i>read</i>	mild
54	"The Maharaja as Stage Manager" set of verses, should come before				
54	8	<i>Delete</i>	17		"Country Girls."
54	9	"	18		
54	19	<i>For</i>	19 ...	<i>read</i>	17
56	Note 15	"	usually ...	<i>read</i>	proudly
56	" 17	"	The ever ...	<i>read</i>	The most
58	6th last	"	one ...	<i>read</i>	in
61	10th last	"	being ...	<i>read</i>	quite
61	9th last	"	that ...	<i>read</i>	<i>Barren</i>
63	Headline	"	Hall ...	<i>read</i>	Ball
64	6	"	enshroud ...	<i>read</i>	enshroud
64	11	"	gleams and ...	<i>read</i>	teams of
64	12	"	teams ...	<i>read</i>	gleams

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PREFATORY.

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Montgomery.

"Darjeeling stands (between 7,000 and 7,200 feet above sea-level) not in a valley like ordinary alpine towns; but is perched high on the summit and shoulders of a spur which runs out into a great gulf of valleys of stupendous depth (the Teesta river, near the foot of the spur, is only 710 feet above sea) beyond which rises a vast amphitheatre of dark shaggy mountains rising range over range up to the snows."—*L. A. Waddell, LL.D., F.L.S.* "Among the Himalayas." (1898.)

"The view of Kinchinjunga upwards of 28,000 feet high, as seen from the station of Darjeeling, is surpassingly beautiful. The low valleys, not more than 2,000 feet high, are so situated that the spectator can look down into their very depths from the same standpoint whence he looks up to the snowy summits. He thus can see, almost in one glance, a distance of 26,000 feet from depth to height."—*Sir Richard Temple.* "India in 1880."

"The view is quite unparalleled for the scenery it embraces, commanding confessedly the grandest known landscape of snowy mountains in the Himalayas, and hence in the world. The observer is struck with the sharpness of their outlines, and still more with the wonderful play of colours on their snowy flanks, from the glowing hues reflected in the orange, gold and ruby, from clouds illumined by the sinking or rising sun, to the ghostly pallor that succeeds with twilight. Such dissolving views elude all attempts at description, they are too aerial to be chained to the memory, and fade from it so fast as to be gazed upon day after day,

with undiminished admiration and pleasure.”—*Sir Joseph Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S.* “Himalayan Journals.” (1855.)

“No one can give any adequate conception of the magnificence of the scenery of that vast mountain region (the Himalaya) for in truth its beauty and grandeur are alike beyond all power of description

The Swiss Alps...it must be acknowledged, do possess more of *picturesque* beauty than the greater, vaster mountains of the East; but the stupendous Himalaya—in their great loneliness and vast magnificence, impossible alike to pen and pencil adequately to portray, their height, and depth and length, and breadth of snow appealing to the emotions—impress one as nothing else can, and seem to expand one’s very soul.....

‘See Darjeeling and die!’ has become a familiar aphorism now; and well it may, for how can one ever hope to be able to describe the awful beauty of the snowy range from this spot? Grandeur than the Andes and the Red Indian’s mountains of the setting sun; grander than the Apennines and Alps of Switzerland, because almost twice their height; grander than anything I had ever seen or dreamt of—for what must it be, think you, to fix your gaze upon a mountain more than 28,000 feet high, rising 21,000 feet above the observer, and upon which 11,000 feet of perpetual snow are resting, rearing its mighty crest into the very heavens !.....

Truly earth is here decked in Nature’s most sumptuous garment, and the fairest and noblest works of God are seen in perpetual alternation, constituting it an earthly paradise, and a world of wonder and æsthetic mystery, to those who have eyes to see, and grateful hearts to recognise, not only the wondrous beauty in all around, but the hand of the great Architect and Artist which has created such loveliness in

form and colour. Looking upwards, the majestic Kinchin cleaves the very heavens, and brings them down to meet it, whilst in everything the Infinite is unveiling itself to finite man, if he will but see it.

Very beautiful it is to watch the clouds float beneath these transcendent and eternal hills, and to follow the shadows they cast upon their lustrous surface, sparkling and shimmering in the noonday sun ; yet still more beautiful to watch them at eventide, when at the ' sun's quiet hour of rest ' shadows lengthen, and the orb of day, sinking.....sends upward a flood of golden light, bathing them in hues of amethyst and rose—then they are almost unearthly in their splendour.....

The view from Darjeeling is never so entirely grand and magnificent as after a storm.....when a tempest, which has raged throughout the livelong night, has lulled and sobbed itself to rest, with the rising of the sun. Huge cumuli may then be seen hanging about the highest peaks, whilst the valleys and mountains of the Sub-Himalaya are covered by a vast horizontal stratum of vapour, heaving into wild billows mightier than Atlantic rollers, and stretching right away to the snows fifty miles distant ; whilst here and there a bold head of some mountain, higher than the rest, stands out in solitary grandeur, like a rocky island in the Indian Ocean, the cloud-drift blown against it half covering it as with foaming surge.

At one period of the year we actually live in the clouds and those who wish to study cloud effects should pay a visit to Darjeeling, for they are indescribably grand Thick layers of vapour, many miles in extent, float immediately below us, immersing the valleys in sombre shade, whilst we above them are in brilliant sunshine. It is beautiful to watch this wreathing vapour curve, and heave and break up into different forms, changing each moment as it travels onward, huge billows rolling over and over,

uplifted as though by the agency of some mighty hand Then all dissolves, and one seems to be gazing upon some world of enchantment, as the broken heaps of cloud-rift roll onward out of sight and when at length the veil of mist withdraws, and he (Kinchinjunga) is seen standing out sharp and well-defined against the liquid azure, in his spotless robe of newly-fallen snow, so glorious is the sight, that to look upon it but for one instant is worth a long and patient waiting There are few natures to whom perpetual sunshine is congenial, and best do I love the days, when clouds sailing overhead throw shadows dark and mysterious over the landscape, enveloping all things in alternate glow and gloom There is no day when to me Darjeeling is not perfectly delightful ; . . . and so I love Darjeeling, not only on sunny days, but *all* days." *A Pioneer Lady*. "The Indian Alps." pp. preface, 6, 50, 64-67 and 270-271. Longmans, Green and Co., London. (1876.)

"Darjeeling has almost become the playground and nursery of Calcutta. There are few of us who are not familiar with the picturesque little town, perched on its giddy ridge between abysmal gorges and fronting the most glorious and entrancing mountain scenery in the world."—*The Englishman*, Calcutta, 28th February 1906. See footnote p. 17.

"Darjeeling has been rightly described as the 'most beautiful spot on earth.' The views of the snow-covered Himalayas are wonderful, and must be seen to be realised." Thomas Cook & Son. (Travellers' Pamphlet) "India." p. 55.

"To try to describe mountains and forests is a most unprofitable task ; . . . mountain scenery is of all the most difficult to describe. The sense of the Himalayas is intangible."—*Edmund Candler*. "The Unveiling of Lhasa." (1904.)

"The Himalayas are too big for any one to sing." *The English Review*. November, 1913. (p. 595)

The natural surroundings of Darjeeling (built on the crest and west side of the ridge which sinks down northward) are primeval forest-clad hills, having great spurs spread with evergreen tea gardens, projecting downwards into 5,000 feet deep, steep *khuds* or ravines. The mist-shrouded, opalescent valleys seem to intensify the majesty of the mighty Kinchinjunga and its adjacent peaks, as they pierce the heavens with their towering, peerless, pearly loveliness of stainless snow, amid the supernal splendour of a clear azure or turquoise sky, seeming to stand as eternal barriers to the celestial regions. The station itself has much pleasing, picturesque beauty, its neat villas and cottages nesting amid varied foliage and lovely flowers, its clean country lane-like roads, and the sublime grandeur of the eternal snow-capped peaks, stretching from north to east as far as the eye can reach, with Kinchinjunga, the Crowning Glory of the Snows! towering immediately in front, make up an ever-delightful picture, the most beautiful and inspiring in all India; and which may be often viewed, free of mountain mist, day after day during the winter months, and also occasionally throughout the year; and at times most strikingly clear and grand during breaks in the rains, June to September; whilst "jocundity rules" in several forms throughout the season, April to October; but the trees in blossom may only be viewed, of course, during their time for flowering; and the torrents in bounding flood only during the monsoon, when the ferns, mosses, creepers and foliage are seen in perfection, and continue to keep their verdant freshness until November.

Standing on Tiger Hill 9,000 feet above sea, quite near to Darjeeling, before dawn, the night darkness being relieved by the pale glamour of a waning moon, one sees faintly the white, downy-looking mist lying far below in the deep valleys, clinging to the face of the rivers, and resting and sleeping in the hollows of the hills; while the eternal snow peaks

dimly seen across the northern horizon, stand in ghostly array, with, as it were, "the cold hand of death upon them!" The stars are twinkling beauteously. It is now but a few minutes before the earliest dawn, the darkest time of night; soon in the east, appear faint streaks of a golden haze, and lo! the topmost point of Kinchinjunga is lit as with a tint of roseate gold, brightening every instant, whilst the light creeps lower down the snowy slope, illumining the other peaks of lesser altitude. Beneath, in the deep valleys, darkness still reigns, and one gazes silently, awestruck by the majesty and sublime magnificence of the scene. All the higher peaks and ridges are now sparkling silvery beams, whilst as moment succeeds moment the dawn develops, and at last the top of Mount Everest, 107 miles, as the crow flies, to the west, is touched by the sun's rays, and brought into view, and in another few minutes the night has dawned into morning. The sun appears in fiery glory, and the snowy range is seen in all its wondrous, enthralling splendour of snows and peaks, and dark shadows and clouds all along the horizon from west to east. It is a sight unequalled for magnificent grandeur from any other convenient spot on the face of the earth!

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?" (*Byron.*)

Kinchinjunga, fronting Darjeeling, rises 28,146 feet above sea, and is the third highest mountain in the world; the second, Chogo Ri in Baltistan (the Kashmir direction of the Himalayas) is 28,250 feet; and Mount Everest the highest, 29,002 feet. Practical views of Mount Everest and Chogo Ri, however, show only their snow tops just above the intervening dark ranges, so that their magnitude is inappreciable; whereas from Darjeeling, the summer snow-line of the Himalayas being about 18,000 feet, there is at no time of the

year, when the atmosphere is clear, less visible than 10,000 feet of snow ; and in winter, when the mountains are covered, now and again, down to 8,000 feet, Kinchinjunga shows, from Darjeeling, 20,000 feet of heaped up snow !

The view, left to right, as seen from Tiger Hill, extending from Mount Everest in Nepal, 107 miles west, as the crow flies, then on northward along the horizon of hill-tops, past the Nepal snows, to the Kinchinjunga group due north, and continuing the vista along the Sikkim ranges, eternally snow-clad, to the Bhutan snows, and on as far as Chomiomo in Tibet, 72 miles to the east, is "one of the most solemnly beautiful visions, that mortal eyes can gaze upon," covering about 1,000 miles, (see note 3, page 22,) and from the foreground to the nearest peak of Kinchinjunga is 45 miles, yet this grand panorama of snow-peaks is seen distinctly. Sectional parts of the snowy ranges, as shown in a photograph, are contracted into only a few inches, and therefore give but little idea upon which to form a true mental realisation of the height, extent and magnificence of the glorious view ! Think of 20,000 feet of

" piles on piles of everlasting snows "

being compressed into an upright inch, and a hundred miles of snowy peaks minified into the five-inch length of a postcard ! Then imagine the vast difference between a *picture* of the Snows and the *reality* ! which must be *viewed* from " DARJEELING'S PLEASANT CREST " to be fully appreciated in all their wonderous, girdling extent, and towering, unique splendour !

J. A. K.



THE KINCHINJUNGA GROUP OF SNOWS.

From foreground to centre is the steep, eastern slope of the Darjeeling ridge.
The station extends along the top and down the west side.

DARJEELING

AND

" THE GLORY OF THE SNOWS ! "

All bright minds who wish to see
 Nature's grand sublimity ;
 Nigh Darjeeling's pleasant crest,
 Here, above the clouds should rest ;
 View, when mist-wreaths part uncurl'd,
 Th' grandest range of mountain-world !
 Beautiful, transcendent, high,
 Piercing heaven's ethereal sky.
 Near their summits none have trod,—
 Mightiest Monuments of God !—

Himalayan Scenery fine,
 Potent influence must refine.
 Wave-topped hills, range over range,
 Scenes of beauty interchange.
 Depths tremendous breach the hills,
 Valleys, gorges, rivers, rills.
Jhoras sweep the mountains' steep, (*Water-Courses.*)
 'Mid them foaming waters sweep. (*Hindustani.*)
 Spurs that downward intervene,
 Show Tea Gardens evergreen.

Forests stretching scores of miles,
 Spread o'er heights, down deep defiles.
 Rhododendrons full in flower,
 Give the hills a crimson dower. (*April.*)
 Great Magnolias flowering bright,
 Pale-rose tinted, citron, white. (*March.*)
 Cherries wild in blush of pink. (*November.*)
 Rope-like Creepers cling and link.
 Orchids, Climbers, Ferns o'erhead,
 Mixed-green; citrine, russet-red
 Festooned Fronds in swaying glee,
 Graceful curve from tree to tree.
 Stalwart Cryptomerias tall,
 Dark, majestic, charm, enthral.

List ! the Mountain-Cuckoo's note,
 Resonant from throbbing throat ;
 Repetition, loud "coo-coo,"
 Hill-top's morning *billet-doux*. (April to July.)
 Note the cloud-effects. Descry
 Eagles cleave the sapphire sky. (Nov. to Feb.)
 Hear the roaring torrents' stress,
 Rushing headlong, merciless ! (During the monsoon.)
 Feel the bracing breezes blow,
 Fresh from glacier-fields of snow.
 See the crag-tops high in air,
 Seeming oft as buoyant there ;
 Snow for vesture, ice beneath,
 Round their brows a mist-strung wreath.

Mark the sunset's gorgeous glow,*
 Ruby rays of splendour throw,
 Wrap the clouds in fiery fold,
 Fringe them round with molten gold !
 Snows magnificently fine,
 Radiant flush at sun's decline,
 Amethystine, topaz, rose,
 Rest in calm, divine repose !
 Sunset's beams that flame, inspire,
 Seem to set the snows on fire !
 Sky a lovely turquoise blue ;
 Peaks reflecting every hue,
 Lofty, bold, immense, sublime,
 Giant Kings that challenge Time !

Himalaya Mountains grand,
 Splintered, splendid, striking stand !
 Kinchinjunga gleaming glows,
 Crowns Darjeeling's glorious Snows !
 Distant forty-five miles straight,
 Yet, distinct to contemplate.
 Mighty Everest group is seen,
 O'er twelve thousand feet of screen ;
 Ninety miles as flies the crow, (See page XV., lines 5-7.)
 Shows three cones of stainless snow ;

* "The lover of nature turns to admire the sunset, as every lover of nature will." Sir Robert Ball, LL.D. "The Story of the Heavens," p. 140. Cassell & Co., London, 1890. See footnote, page 10.



MOUNT EVEREST.

The centre small cone of snow, on the upper left, shows the top of the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet above sea level. It is 30 miles beyond the larger cone, on its right, and 107 miles as the crow flies from the point of view! In the middle is the top of the ridge of Darjeeling. The upper line of "wave-topped hills" is the Nepal boundary range.

Heavenward, gneiss and granite hurl'd,
 Th' highest peak in all the world !
 Nine and twenty thousand feet !
 Heaven and earth here silent meet.
 Sight of heights, Earth's upmost bound,
 Moves the soul to depths profound !

Pure expanse of frosted-white,
 Piled on high, a dazzling sight,
 Left to right th' horizon bounds,
 Awes the mind, enchants, astounds
 Cliffs that lightning's strokes defy,
 Vast, stupendous meet the eye,
 Icy spires that glint each way,
 Rim the scene in long array,
 Point to Heaven's Eternal Day !
 Peerless peaks of purest snow,
 Pearl-decked pageants row on row !
 Frozen realms, untrod by man,
 Gaze ! their glacial glories scan !
 Architecture crystalline,
 Opalescent, chaste, divine !
 Sparkling, spangling, skyward drawn,
 Spotless since Creation's Dawn !

All who view these scenes, must feel
 Heavenly aspirations steal
 O'er them, like sweet-scented myrrh,
 Ecstasy within them stir !
 Admiration, deep concern,
 " Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"
 Silent well from out the heart,
 Eyes entranced, lids wide apart ;
 Face aglow with glad delight,
 Charmed enjoyment thrills the sight ;
 Heart rejoiced to realise,
 Grandest view beneath the skies !
 Soul suffused with gratefulness ;
 Mind admits man's littleness.
 Spirit, sight, breath, pulse and speech
 Held in thrall !—Self-pride impeach !

Humbled, deeply pensive, each
 Feels the Truth these Mountains teach ;

Towers of Heaven's Almighty sway,
 Pillared till the Judgment Day ;
 Pygmies we, to works so great ;
 But, by LOVE predestinate,
 Blest with Life's immortal soul,
We shall rise beyond their goal !

They are sentinels, a band
 Posted there by God's command ;
 Guards Eternal placed between
 Earth, and Heaven's celestial sheen :
 Yet, we *shall* transcend their hum,
 Given the blessed Pass-word, " Come " !*
They stand fast at Heaven's Gate,
We pass on regenerate !

Here, so near Heaven's bounteous zone
 Loss of health is seldom known,
 Th' fresh, exhilarating air,
 Shields from ailments, frees from care ;
 Man thus blest, delays decay,
 Gently glides to Endless Day.
 Mountains, valleys, peaks and snow,
All the Lord shall overthrow ;
 High nor low may steadfast stay !—
 " Heaven and earth shall pass away."—

Needy soul and millionaire,
 Come ! these mountain vistas share ;
 Free as winds, controlled by none,
 So, are plain to every one ;
 He, who'd shut them in from view,
 Easily the skies might too.
 Myriad landlords could not wall
 Round a peak nor make one fall.
 None can scathe, o'erthrow, or blast,
 God their sole Iconoclast !

* * *

'Mid this grandeur peaceful rest,
 Like these peaks, Heaven's Truth attest !

— : o : —

* "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Mathew xxvi. 34.

DARJEELING,

AND

KINCHINJUNGA !

THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE SNOWS !

A Description Poem of ten, ten-line, Acrostics Stanzas, one line and one stanza for each of the ten letters of the title, Darjeeling.*

I

Darjeeling, Queen of hill abodes,
Amid the mighty Himalay !
Reflecting as I pass thy roads,
Jehovah's works mine eyes survey.
Enchanting hills surround thy seat ;
Eternal Snows above thee tower ;
Luxuriousness the eye doth greet,
In wealth of forest, foliage, flower.
No other scenes such splendours show ;
Great mountain crests, Untrodden Snow !

II

Direct in front " The Snows " arise ;
Across beneath, dark hill-tops bare ;
Raised mica-schist rocks cleave the skies,
Jerked up, they stand, and glisten there.
Enthralling sight ! Colossal height !
Entrancing snow-pile, altar, shrine,
Lustrating throne of purest white,
Immaculate, supreme, divine.
No peaks, but scintillating show
Garbed shelves of storm-swept, Steadfast Snow !

* " Generally speaking Acrostic verse is not of much value." *Ency. Brit., 9th Ed., Vol. I, p. 121.* Because sense is usually sacrificed and rhymes forced for the sake of the acrostics.

III

Delectable, alluring spot,
Ambrosial paradise, *pahar* ; (*Hill. Hindustani.*)
Refulgent gleam thy cliffs upshot,
Joygiving, bright aureola !
Emotion stirs as one observes,
Enraptured eyes dilating swell,
Libation's tear-drop starting, swerves,
Impressed by such o'erpowering spell.
Nude snow-ice prisms glorious glow ;
Glass-spangled, soaring, Sparkling Snow !

IV

Dread Kinchinjunga ! towering rages,
Above man's world of puny strife ;
Robed white in shroud of thousand ages, (*Notes 3, p. 22.*)
Jagged, lightning-split, and void of life.
Enthroned 'mid frozen glacier-plains,
Enwrapped in pure, empyrean blue ;
Leviathan of mountain-chains,
Ineffable, sublime to view.
Nigrescent clouds disjoining show
Gigantic spires of Stainless Snow !

V

Domed top, rift ridge, and riven rock,
Attest sharp storms around the crash ;
Reared steeple-heads that brave the shock,
Jut up, and front the lightning's flash.
Enormous, mighty, frozen mound !
Endowed with snow-capped, beetling prow,
Life throbbing thrills with thoughts profound
In gaze that scans thy lustrous brow.
Niched pinnacle and cliff-crest show
Gem-sparkling, Sky-Supernal Snow !

VI

Draped granite rock, and ice-piled heap,
About thy brow majestic rise ;
Rosetted-snow enshrouding deep,
Just newly fallen, quiescent lies.
Ethereal mist-clouds, humid, gray,
Expanding, show thy snow-peaks grand.
Look up, now ! See, their long array,
In icy isolation stand.
Now *while* Earth's pearl tiara glows,
Gaze—glean "THE GLORY OF THE SNOWS!"

VII

Dawn, silver-tips thy topmost crown,
And sunrise spangles spire and steep ;
Rich star-points stipple sportive down,
Jocosely whilst the sunbeams creep.
Exalted, adamantine cliffs,
Engendering awe-inspiring thought.
Lone home of Nature's hieroglyphs !
Inviolatè crags with thunder fraught.
Neath rosy sunset's gorgeous glow,
Gold-flaming gleams heaven's Halcyon Snow !

VIII

Dark ridges, fifteen thousand feet,
According just with huge Mont Blanc,
Range near, and grant thee homage meet,
Jove-seated peer of cloud-kissed throng.
Escaloped summits screen thy base,
Enamelled deep with sombrous green ;
Legato-like light mists embrace
In folds of iridescent sheen.
Night settles down, serene and slow ;
Gemmed sleeps thy silent, Spectral Snow !

IX

Darjeeling, health-restoring clime !
Arcadian, Himalayan Queen !
Refreshing breezes round thee chime,
Jocundity rules thy demesne.
Elysium cure for toil-worn brain,
Emollient balm for wearied soul,
Locality where all may gain
Immunity from dull control.
Nirvana's peace these hills bestow
Give rest, like calm, Celestial Snow !

X

Delightful site, where Nature grand,
Around, above, beneath is seen ;
Ravine and height on either hand,
Jardiniere of dazzling scene !
Enriching one's discerning eye,
Ennobling each conceptive mind,
Land blessed with juvenescent sky,
Imparting health to all mankind.
Neath starry skies your crystals glow
GOD'S BEAUTEOUS EMBLEM, SPOTLESS SNOW !

DARJEELING'S RESPLENDENT
TRANSCENDENCY !

A PANEGRIC PÆAN.

List ! Darjeeling's plain behest :—
*Come ! train-drawn by spur and crest,
Soon above the clouds you'll be,
Dazzling Snows to wondering see !
High ! beyond the sway of man ;
Come ! their glinting crystals scan.
Gaze, where life has never trod.
View the mighty works of God !*

Queen of Hills ! Darjeeling glows,
Fronting heaven's eternal snows !
Prodigal of health she stands ;
Healing tends with lavish hands :
Convalescence gives the weak,
Tints with bloom the pallid cheek ;
Panacea for ills of all !
Sanitarium's home, Bengal.

Hills with sheen, like amethysts,
Valleys deep where sink the mists.
Heights around show scurrying streams,
Flashing silvery ribbon-gleams.
See ! adown, on th' river's face,
Cloud-land kiss its sleeping place ;
Lift at morn its downy head,
Rising tensile, streaming spread.

Nature's throne divine is seen,
Primal forest, mountain screen.
Point and range that greet the sight,
Flood the soul with rapt delight :
Mortals viewing first the scene
Thrill with ecstasy serene.

Here, in Nature's genial nest,
Gazing, praising, blissful rest. 1

Cities' reek may not compare
Breathing taints, with mountain air,
Nor *mafasile* deadly dull, (Up country.)
Where the brain shrinks down its skull.
Here, desire for food grows keen,
Gormandising has been seen ;
No dyspepsia interferes,
Constitutions brave the years !

Civil Surgeons' Digests read,
'Nent Darjeeling's Schools, and heed ;
Not a major ill of sorts,
One can learn from such Reports ;
No complaints through heat or chills,
No pains, potions, powders, pills.
Joseph's College,—Saint well-known,—
Fathers there have greybeards grown ;
Convent School, where virtue sways,
Nuns have taught from girlhood's days ;
Then, the *Misses Twentyman*,
Long, long years " Home School " have ran ;
Youthful " Maharani School,"
Special patronage the rule ;
Girls' Diocesan's fine halls,
Rockingham, Queen's Hill, St. Paul's,

1 The scenery of the earth, the mountains, and the seas, and the rivers, the grass, and the flowers, and the variety of the forms and the masses of the leaves of the woods, and the colours which attend the rising and the setting sun, and the hues of the atmosphere, turbid or serene,.....are looked upon with little wonder ; and who views them with delight is considered an enthusiast,—*Percy Bysshe Shelley* " Essay on Life and Nature."

What the poet Shelley has said, regarding the world's consideration of the nature-enthusiast, is, one regrets to say, only too true ; but it has been the enthusiasts who have achieved the great things of the world, and who have founded and made each blessed religion, and won for us a knowledge of the starry firmament, and taught us to appreciate the beauties and grandeur of nature, and the marvel and glory of the illimitable universe ! " Without enthusiasm nothing genuine is accomplished in art." *Schumann*. " Enthusiasm is the *one* thing necessary to history." *Goethe*. Enthusiasm comes from *en-theos*—God in us. " Be enthused, if you would ever hope to prevail over your own weakness or the world's might." *Rev. Howatt*. " Living to Purpose."

Thriving through the years have stood,
Health and Teachers, extra good.

Come and join th' Gymkhana Club.—
What's the gain ? " Ay, there's the rub."—
Rinking, linking, blinking, 'hem !
Trying every stratagem !
Priests and parsons stay away ;
Chaplain *padre* there may stray,
Just to note his *tip-top* flock
Put on *side*, the more to *knock*.
Some with tell-tale tongue's sly flow,
Envious, give fair names a blow. 2
This, is *one* for jealous *knobs*,
Where the greatest slander throbs. 3
Scandal framed on flim-flam base,
Framers, listeners, *both* disgrace ! 4
Should you meet contemptuous leer,
Do not sulk and disappear.
Most folks go with jocund aim ;
Counsel tendered,—DO THE SAME !

Now, of open doors to tell,
All within conducted well :
Choice Hotels are counted three.
Spic-and-span, as all may see.
Boarding houses here are woo'd,
Each gives tempting wholesome food.
Paying-guests are welcomed too,
Paying dues without ado ;
Visitors who ply this bent,
Find it fine to pay the rent.

2 "The ignorance and cruelty of the gossip of a hill station."
The Englishman. (Leading article.) Calcutta, 20-3-1912.

3 "Words of mischief.....may do as much harm as the murderer's
knife or poison." *Beatrice Knollys*. "Good Reading."

"Our vocabulary contains explosives as deadly as dynamite ;
venomous poisons, germs of every mental disease.....Under a true
culture...We substitute for the words which wound the words which
heal...the words only which are helpful, the words which work for truth,
for love, for the binding up of broken spirits." *The Christian World*.
31-10-1912. Such show true gentility and good breeding.

4 "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
calumny." *William Shakespeare*. "Hamlet." See Note 2, page 15.

Sanitarium, Government owned,
 Matins here are High Church toned ;
 " Sisters " rule, in nun-like dress,
 Plan the Service, visit, bless,
 Surgeons never dilatory.
 Prayers in spare-room oratory !
 Where is raised an altar-shrine.
Nurses, mind ! attend at nine !

" Ada Villa " crowns the hill,
 Splendid view which way you will.
 " Pekoe Tip " lies close behind,
 Where some go when so inclin'd,
 Lower down is " Step-a-side,"
 Good folks often there reside.
 " Belle Vue " tor, in line " Benmore,"
 All that one desires for :
 Houses both conform in line,
 View of Snows to northward fine.
 Then, " The Dale " beside Chowrusta,
 Where by day the people muster.
 " Alice Villa " knows renown,
 Well-kept place, spreads further down.
 " Central House " is just below,
 Standing next a small plateau.
 " Annandale " before the station,
 Nice for quiet rustication.

" Everest Hotel " new grown,
 Up-to-date, and holds its own.
 " Jones's " who could not define ?
 Boarders, billiards, stores and wine.
 " Central " good Hotel to go,
 Billiards, wines, stores, *quid pro quo*.
 " Rockville " high " The Grand Hotel,
 Snows from there a sparkling spell ;
 Visitors the peaks to trace,
 Make this *ville* their resting place.

" Woodlands " prime and " Woodlands' Branch,
 Fine *cuisine*, and wines *carte-blanc* ;
 Splendid, spacious drawing-room,
 Grand piano, plants in bloom ;

Manager of smart motation,
 Meets the tourists near the station ;
 Makes *salâm*, as all alight,
 Saves them trouble, gives delight ;
 Does it true, their stay to cheer,
 Says, " *They'll send some others here !* "

Now, The Club to *patronise* ;
 Here the courses—" Oh my eyes !"
 First time, struggling *outside six*,
 Feeling wound up, nigh a fix,
 Thought the dishes nearly done ;
 Found they'd only *just begun* !
 " *No, no ! not another mote.*"
 Bottom stud of under-coat,
 Disappeared through extra *stretch*.
 " *Waiter ! quick—a 'safety' fetch !*"

(*Waistcoat.*)

Civil Masters* good, *on dit*, (**India Civil Servants.*)
 Goodly appetites have ye ;
 Courses one, two, four, six, eight !
 All engulph with ease, sedate,
 Talk about *the thing done fine*,
 Yes, 'twas *real, live leonine* !
 Changing knives and rattling plates ;
Then between, starvation waits,
 Swelled us with a sense supine ;
 Made us think we'd *cut a shine*.

Ladies fair, at table too, (*New Year's Eve.*)
 Robed in frocks of pink, white, blue,
 Exquisite, rich, middling, plain,
 Silk, and soft *mousseline-de-laine*.
 After dinner, sped a dance,
 Some *encircled every chance* ;
 'Mid prismatic tints they spun,
 Called them " angels " every one.
This is surely *heaven*, thought we.
 Say, where *better* could we be ?

* * * * *

Thus, Darjeeling glows resplendently,
 Transcendental its Transcendancy !

DARJEELINGITEISTICISMS !

There are people up here, who feel "out in the cold"
 And they therefore conclude we are bumptiously bold ;
 But these folks, though most bland, do not *quite* understand
 Our *Darjeelingiteisticisms* strikingly grand !
 Note the "*ite-ist-ic-isms*" superjoined in long line,
 'Tis from "*isms*" that we catch our *side*, cliquishness shine !

Then our *kala* (*black*) *jagahs*, set back, in the dark,
 So arranged, for young, heated, pair dancers to *lark* !
Virtue traps they are termed, *most disgraceful, closed things* !
 'Tis from *these* that our scandalous scandal oft springs. 1
Mrs. Pry, as you know, says she *saw* so-and-so,
 Which diversified passes from tongues to and fro. 2

The Gymkhana Club *hops*, and the Medical ball,
 Civil Service swell dances, and others, most all,
 Bower *kala* (*black*) *jagahs* e'en *under the stairs* ! 3
 "Shameful, hidden, dark places," screened off for fond pairs.
 Should officialdom's wives not prohibit such places,
 So disfavour gross scandal's concocted disgraces ? 4

Yet we *do* not see *this*, and we *do* observe *that*,
 And are freely condemned for our lax tell-tale chat.
 And for eyeing and prying from 'neath a wide hat,
 But "enough is a feast" both of "*this*" and of "*that* ;"
 Though we're told, that we whisper and lisp fiddle-faddle
 And our club-domain chit-chat is sly twitting twaddle. 5

Gay Darjeeling is nought if not "terribly proper." 6
 "Oh ! My Goodness me ! Heavens ! what a compliment
 But of course the word "proper" is banter ironic, [*whopper* !"
 And was penned just to act as a Smart Set's thrust-tonic ;
 But what nostrum e'er plied, could curtail C. S. pride,
 Our most cherished, high, "heaven-born," celestial *side* ? 7

— : O : —

NOTES TO "DARJEELINGITEISTICISMS."

1. "*Kala jagahs* in most cases are mere cosy corners arranged for sitters-out during dances But they are sometimes arranged at big dances as though the sole object was to ensure absolute privacy for the occupants, and I am bound to say that in my experience they have given rise occasionally to scandalous stories, and a good deal of half-joking talk among men and women at the expense of particular parties, which ballrooms would be better without in default of other accommodation for rigging up *kala jagahs*, the hired carriages in which people go out at night are sometimes put to this use."

Truth. London, 14th October, 1908.

2. "Happy is he that is least tossed upon tongues : for utterly to escape the snatch of them it is impossible envy striketh most spitefully at the fairest." "Preface to the Authorised Version of the English Bible," 1611. pp. 6 and 7. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

London, 1911. (*One penny.*)

"Calumnies which attach themselves to a name in a moment, take a lifetime to remove, because such a large majority of people prefer to think the worst of each other? . . . Whenever anyone's character is brought forward to be judged by society, certain evilly disposed persons are always counsel for the prosecution."

Sarah Grand. "The Heavenly Twins."

"In India—Amongst the officials and Europeans,—more than in any other country, one cannot be fortunate without making many enemies, nor is there any country where enmity is more unscrupulous in the means to which it has recourse." *Rev. Hodson.* "Life of Major Hodson." (1859.)

3. At a "Civil Service Ball" given in the Amusement Club, Darjeeling, the wives of the hosts, supervising the decorating of the ball-room, etc., there was set up, among a number of others, a foliage bowered-in *kala jagah* under the stairs ! leading from the entresol.

4. The Gymkhana Club, Civil Service, and other ball-givers have gloried in a number of these screened in, dark, *kala jagah* "virtue traps !" fixed up here and there, in out-of-the-way corners, etc., for sitters-out. Such are never seen at the greatest House balls in the station ; where for years a wholesome example has been set, which however has appealed in vain to Darjeeling's frivolous, holiday-making *bon ton* ! for couples have been seen going outside "heated, flushed, and champagned," on a cold night, and getting into hooded, closed rickshaws, this even at a Government House State Ball.

5. Major Waddell, LL.D., F.L.S., in his book, "Among the Himalayas," speaks of the twaddle of the Darjeeling Amusement Club. (The former name of the Gymkhana Club.)

6. Sir Joseph Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S., in his "Himalayan Journals," says, "Darjeeling is terribly proper."

7. The Indian Civil Service (who form the Government of Bengal and have their summer residences at Darjeeling), bear the sobriquet of the "*heaven-born.*"

AN INVITATION!

(Health appealing, fames Darjeeling.)

When outworn on sultry plains,
 Feeling nothing appertains
 There, to raise the sinking heart ;
 Then, at once arise, depart.
Do not waver. Health appealing
Bids you visit fresh Darjeeling.

Come ! to this, a lovely clime !
 Pleasant, sweet as music's chime.
 Scan the vista day by day ;
 Nature's glories here survey.
 Come ! enjoy the ozone breeze,
 Breathe its tonic, rest at ease.

View, as far as eye can see,
 Height and depth and cloud-land free.
 Mighty mountains hooded white,
 Rise in front and add delight.
 Here, perambulate, recline,
 'Neath the Snows' pure crystalline !

Come ! and see Health's Queen, Darjeeling
 Haste ! renew youth's youthful feeling.
 High around great forests range ;
 O'er them peaks that never change.
 Snows eternal ! heavenward climb,
 Towering, awing, grand, sublime !

Come now ! Heaven has given this place
 Special health-restoring grace,
 Thankful be then, one and all,
 Serve, obey th' appealing call.
 Realising Health's great power,
 Come ! and rest within her Bower !

—: o :—

"On arrival at Darjeeling it was raining . . . But what a glorious morn. . . . Then we beheld the everlasting snows in all their beauty. . . . Such a day of Darjeeling is worth any discomfort in reaching it . . . the air was so cool and bracing. . . . I needed the invigorating atmosphere and took it into my lungs in deep breaths. Darjeeling is a veritable heaven to one accustomed to the heat, mosquito, dust and noise of Calcutta."—A *Visitor*, in the Darjeeling *Advertiser*.

A WELCOME !

(*Health ! soft pleading, fames Darjeeling.*) *

When you feel, below, dead-beat,
Overpowered by trying heat,
Worn by day, at night no rest ;
Surely *then* 'tis manifest,
You should start, at once take train ;
Come above and health regain !

Here, in Flora's Grove be instant ;—
Prospect beauteous near and distant.
Ferns and orchids thriving prime,
Scented blossoms sweet as thyme.
Pleasant Mall, Chowrusta clear ;
Tempting resting place is here !

See the Snows' celestial wreath !
Search the deep ravines beneath.
Hear the raging torrents' wrath,
Thundering down each rocky path,
Leaping, frantic, mad with glee,
Bounding wild to greet the sea.

Come ! Darjeeling, Queen of Health !
Cedes to all her precious wealth ;
Vigour, spirit, bloom, desire,
Strength, and zeal to view, admire
Scenes that sentient souls uplift.
Great Creator, Thine the gift !

Mountain breezes off the Snow,
Pure, invigorating blow.
Respite here from heat and strife,
Gives a new-born lease of life !
Health's Queen pleads from this, her throne,
Welcomes all to 'joy her zone !

—:o:—

* " It is no small boon that when we are weary and dazed with the strain of work and responsibility in the heated plains in which, after all, we are exotics, we can take refuge in the beautiful scenery of the hills, where, in 'a sweet half-English air' we can fill our eyes and our imaginations with a splendour and lavishness of natural beauty to which our own little islands, dear though their homely charm is to us, afford no parallel." The *Englishman*, Calcutta, 20-2-1906.

A TEA GARDEN PÆAN OF PRAISE.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

Sweet "Happy Valley!"—Valley happy, blest,
On Sunnyside, below Birch Hill's high crest;
Within whose bosom lies a treasure-trove,
'Mid bamboo avenue and plantain-grove.

The "treasure" shines, a Planter's peaceful home,
Where one content ne'er dreams for long to roam,
And where, from morn till eve, the glorious sun
Streams down and brightens till his day is done.

The "Homestead," wrapped in stillness, gives delight.
The hills around hold forth a pleasing sight
Here nature nurtures with its genial glow,
And purest mountain-breezes bracing blow.

The Valley smiles, a paradise of calm,—
Whilst richest ozone gives it breathing charm,—
And bounteous yields full-hand its precious wealth
Of fresh air privacy, and blithesome health!

Darjeeling near it spreads, a beauteous scene,
Of all hill-stations the unrivalled queen!
By night aglow like Sirius, Venus, Mars,
A fairyland of spangling, sparkling stars!

Ah! "Happy Valley!" Vale of Verdant Tea.
Who could not happy in thy valley be?
Sweet, Happiest of Valleys! be my nest,
Till Heaven shall call me to a happier rest!



THE HAPPY VALLEY TEA ESTATE, DARJEELING.

In the left lower centre, near the right bottom corner of the forest, is the "HOMESTEAD."

OFF TO THE HILLS!

We are Off to the Hills! How delightful, to say,
 We are Off to the Hills! for a grand holiday! 1
 We are straight away bound for the hill-tops, to see
 If we cannot dispel heat-worn, languid *ennui*.
 We are panting to fly from the sweltering plains,
 To be off for a change, to get health for our pains,
 We are taking our tents and our guns for *shikar*,
 And we hope to find sport that no mishap may mar
 By the dangerous chasm, and darksome ravine,
 And by forest-glade upland, where goral are seen;
 Then the vigilant stalking and perilous climb, 2
 And the breathless excitement and snow-views sublime!

KASHMIR.

We are Off to the Hills! through the "Vale of CASHMERE,"
 To Gulmarg, from the heat of Punjab's sultry sphere.
 Oh! what visions of mighty, majestic snow peaks!
 Soaring up, through the blue, that no living thing seeks,
 The vast altitudes wind-swept of adamant rock,
 That still stands bleak and bare 'neath the lightning's fell shock!
 The interminable, maze-like, long mountainous chains, 3
 The great forests that stretch from the snows to the plains,
 The steep gorges, and *jorahs* that ceaselessly rumble,
 As amid them the streams racing gurggle and tumble;
 So with ever-melodious low murmurs they flow
 To the wide, torrid plains from the glaciers of snow.

SIMLA.

We are Off to the Hills! to grand Simla to roam.—
 To officialdom's Simla,—the Viceroy's home;
 To Mahusa's near ridge, and Naldira's fine spur,
 By tall deodars, pines, oak, spruce, chestnut and fir;
 We will ramble to Jakko and "Wildflower Hall,"
 By still forest-paths lovely, that never can pall;
 Through smart Simla, renowned for its swell A. D. Club, 4
 And its cliquish committee to give one a snub!
 Its frivolity season of dances and plays
 Will amuse, and display its *stand off* little ways;
 We shall see the Chief's Staff in their habitat zone,
 Gallant Simla! Hail! *Floreat!* C.-in-C.'s throne! (*Commander-in-Chief.*)

THE HEART OF INDIA.

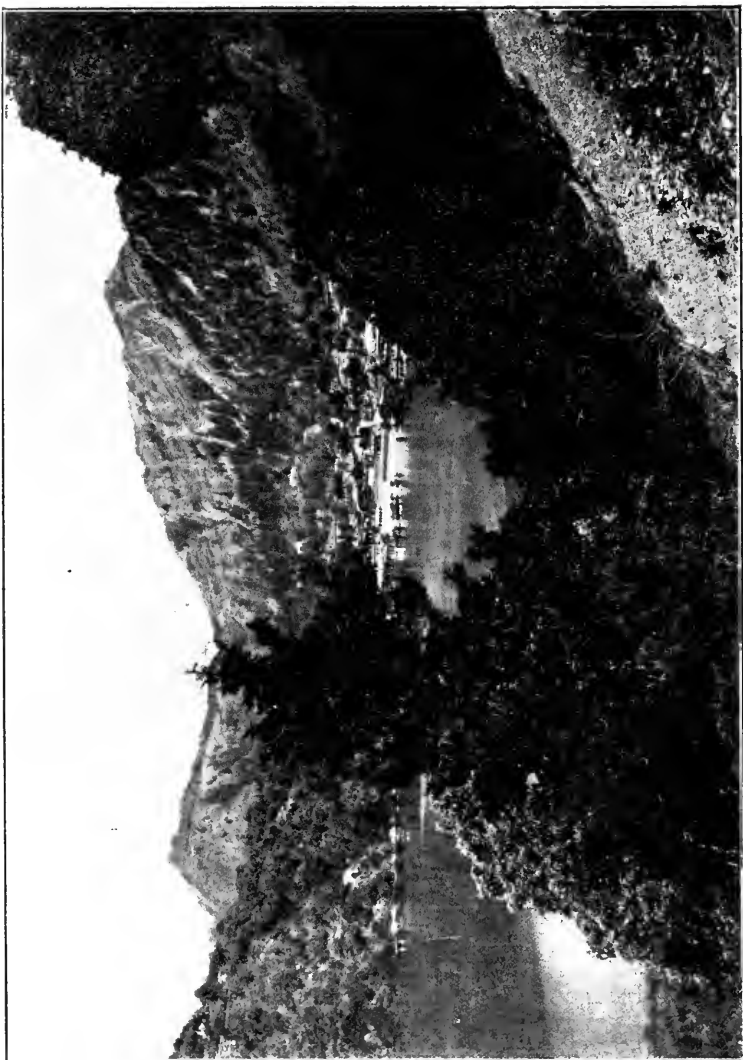
We are Off to the Hills ! to inspiring Simla,
 Where smart pleasures beguile like a lute or syrinda.
 We will visit still Baghi, the hidden and modest,
 Just a few stages out, in the depths of the forest. 5
 Oh ! the beautiful vistas these mountains display.—
 Himalayan grand scenery, who can portray ?—
 All the pretty hill stations that forests embower,
 Are entrancingly lovely with cottage and flower ;
 But state Simla, the brilliant, the Government's stall,
 In distinction and fashion outrivals them all.
 Far away from the turmoil of commerce and streets,
 The great heart of famed India's vast Empire here beats

MUSSOORIE.

We are Off to the Hills ! to Mussoorie, to court
 In the Merry-Gay-Grass-Widow's pleasure resort !
 Above Dehra's fair Doon, and steep Rajpur, to see
 Its Bohemian community social and free ;
 To the *ultima thule* of country-bred pack,
 To the "Charleville," "Library," and round Camel's Back ;
 To the sports Happy Valley, and high Kemptee Falls,
 Where the torrent down-rushing bespatters and sprawls ;
 By the Mall and the shops, through the Landour Bazaar,
 To the top of the ridge for a sunset bizarre ;
 There to scan the Siwaliks' dark forests and rills,
 View the Ganges and Jumna sweep out from the hills.

NAINI TAL, MURREE, ETC.

We are Off to the Hills ! to enjoy Naini Tal,
 The surpassingly lovely, that artists enthrall ;
 To survey its lake's azure, serene as a queen,
 With the Smugglers' Rock frowning close over its sheen ;
 We will pass the neat Club, and Dāk Bungalow's rough nest,
 And th' Parade, Sleepy Hollow, to Cheena's snow crest.
 We are off full of glee by *dāk ghari* and rail,
 And by pony and dandy the ridges to scale ;
 To Dalhousie, confronted by snows' fine display,
 'Mid rude Chamba, where ibex and snow-leopards play ;
 To Kasauli and Murree, and Lansdowne the small,
 And Bengal's pleasant hill-top, the peer of them all ! 6



NAINI TAL.

“The surpassingly lovely, that artists enthral.”

Page 20, line 26.



The "HOMESTEAD" Porch, and Bamboo Avenue, Happy Valley.

"We are off, round the Mall, to Gymkhana's fine club."

DARJEELING.

We are Off to the Hills ! to Darjeeling away,
 To the "Queen of Hill Stations !" by mail-train to-day ;
 Through the foot-hill to pass, smiling brightly and sweet,
 With Terai's bounteous produce adorning their feet ;
 Past the spurs of the ranges, so pleasantly green
 With the tea bushes' verdure,—what labour has been !
 To have planted their millions, straight, line upon line,
 So symmetrical, uniform, evenly fine !—
 While about them is terraced the coolies' small fields,
 That *paharia bhoota** abundantly yields, (*Hill-grown Indian corn.)
 We are off to the mountains, termed hills, to find mirth,
 To the grand Himalayas the noblest on earth !

THE QUEEN OF THE HILLS.

Then Hurrah for Darjeeling ! The Queen of the Hills !
 How its mountain-air freshens, invigorates, thrills. (See Note p. 16.)
 We are off, round the Mall, to Gymkhana's fine club,
 To play bridge, list the band and the wheels' whirling rub ;
 There enjoy looking on, or join rinking with ease,
 And lawn tennis, and dancing, and all that one sees.
 By Chowrasta we'll saunter, 7,000 feet high !
 Where a range of white peaks greets the visitor's eye.
 We will journey to Senchal and wild Tiger Hill,
 To view Everest the giant, and statelier still,
 Kinchinjunga untrodden, that spotlessly glows,
 The superb towering glory and Crown of the Snows !

ENVOI.

Now to those yet in doubt as to where they should go,
 Your convenience first suit, but a word *apropos*,
 Do not empty your purse, by long journeys waste time,
 But select the near hill-tops, and speedily climb
 To the cool of the Stations that spangle the hills,
 To the health-giving air that assuages all ills.
 Pack your trunks, and your bags,—and your fancy dress gay,
 If you dream for a moment to capture or sway.—
 If your drift is big game, mind your wants for *shikar*,
 Your small tents, and your cook's kit, and *marmalade jar* !
 Be advised, start at once ! and with merriment say,
 WE ARE OFF TO THE HILLS ! FOR A GRAND HOLIDAY !

NOTES TO "OFF TO THE HILLS. "

1. The military general leave season in India is during the hot weather, 15th April to 15th October, six months, ample time surely for a "grand holiday."

2. "The trail ran along the faces of cliffs, so narrow in some places that it seemed impossible to stick on, sometimes down to the bottom of a ravine, then up again to the crest of a mountain." *J. C. Grew*. "Sport and Travel in the Far East." p. 176. Constable & Co., London, 1910.

3. "The snows of a hundred thousand years. . . . The beauty of morning in the Himalayas has a charm that clings." "I have stood at a height of 12,000 feet, in the early morning to watch the sun rise over the line of stupendous peaks silhouetted against the sky for a thousand miles in one long chain. . . . A panorama of unapproachable beauty and majesty." *Sir Edward Durand*. "Rifle, Rod, and Spear in the East." pp. 129, 193 and 195. John Murray, London, 1911.

4. Amateur Dramatic Club.

5. About three marches out from Simla, on the Himalaya-Tibet Road.

6. "Murree. . . . proved to be a beautiful hill-station of fine residences and splendid wooded roads, prettier even than Simla, if that were possible." *J. C. Grew*. "Sport and Travel in the Far East." p. 210. Constable and Co., London, 1910.

7. The Chowrasta 7,002 feet above sea, is a levelled open space in the centre of Darjeeling, where four roads meet, one of them the Commercial Road, with the European shops. It is the main general meeting place of the station, and has a Band Stand in the centre, and seats are provided at the extreme right and left.

A WELCOME
TO
BENGAL'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Bengal's New Governor has come !
With sound of bugle, roll of drum,
And Guard-of-Honour's flashing steel,
Presenting Arms, respect's ideal.
The Captain gives the sword salute,
Which brings its point beside his boot.
The Regiment's Colour, staff and crown,
Is drooped, and near the ground brought down.

Now list the Band the Anthem play,
And see the troops like statues stay,
His Lordship proud, with right-hand swing,
Returns salute for Emperor-King ;
Inspecting, passes down the ranks,
Finds all quite smart, expresses thanks :
Then springs in seat, to ride away.
Now, gay Darjeeling, Hip, Hurrah !

The Guard slopes arms, and marches back,
Four-deep, light stepping, nothing slack ;
The Band in front, with martial strain,
Plays grand a stirring march refrain.
The A.D.C's in uniform,
With import's sway to thus conform,
Behind his Lordship, gallant ride,
To where Chowrasta's roads divide.*

* See note 7, previous page.

Here stands a cordial greeting throng,
 To view his Lordship pass along
 The Western Mall Road leisurely,
 By Band Plaisance to Shrubbery ; *
 His summer home for seasons five ;
 May *he* in health and ruling thrive
 And so is broached another term,
 We feel will be benign and firm.

Her Ladyship we welcome too ;
 Arrival's mode made charmed *début*,
 And won esteem, with pleasing mien,
 And courteousness, as plainly seen.
 The whole Municipal Esquires,
 Who framed th' Address, our Town's desires,
 Present Darjeeling's Welcome Message,
 With due respect and fitting homage.

His Lordship governs you and me,
 And every one 'twixt hill and sea,
 From Kinchinjunga's ice-bound reach,
 Right down to Sandhead's wave-swept beach.
 Our duty *is*, obey and honour.†
 God speed Bengal's distinguished Governor ;
 Long live her ladyship and he,
 We give them hearty Three Times Three !

—:o:—

* The former name of Government House.

† "My Duty.....is.....to honour and obey the King, and all that are put in authority under him." *A Catechism*. "The Book of Common Prayer."

“THE GIRL FROM KAYS.”

General and Stage-Manager,
His Highness The Maharaja of Cooch Behar.*

(*A Single Rhyme Critique.*)

Altogether yesterday,
Off we went to Matinee,
Where we much enjoyed the play,
During *two* hours pleasant stay.
Shop-girls smart were dressed so gay,
Galaxy like Milky-way ;
Pleased are we, this truth to say.
One though, nearly went astray,
Slipping off in train away,
Lured by sly-fox popinjay ;
Though in *real* life all essay,
Never would she cause dismay,
Not for all the *déjeuner*,
Strand “Savoy” serves tray by tray.†

*Hoggen*swiner’s pompous bray,
Made of riches crake display,
Yet for dinners loath to pay ;
Gave the Girls a lily-spray.
All expense, without delay,
Hoggenheimer should defray !
Chanticleer ! a “Good joke,” eh ?
Two-legged rooster made no bray,
Long-eared donkey crow or neigh.
“Bored by all,” *Hog*. voiced inveigh ;
“Girl from Kay’s” he’d proudly sway :
Winnie though, his heart to slay,
Lithely danced a roundelay ;
Then, he knelt, her fiancé !

* For the Cast, see page 28.

† The proper names given in *italics* are the *dramatis personæ*. The quotations and allusions are from the play.

Mrs. Chalmers all bewray,
 Well did *she* the part portray.
Norah broke her heart of clay,
 Vowed she'd never mend for aye ;
 Had to heal, to end the fray.
 So, she sang her touching lay,
 Sighed and cried, and then gave way.
Cora swayed, a witching fay.
Ellen, danced in skirt of gray,
 Sparkling like a sunny ray.
Bridesmaids smiling, who'd gainsay ?—
 There they stay, a beauteous prey,—
 Posing coy in grand *ballét*.
 Ah ! now, *who* could say them nay ?

Gordon dear boy,—*Quench* belay
 "Separation Deed" you may
 Bring it typed to next *soirée*,
 Carefully in brewer's dray !
 Then we'll shape some fine horseplay.
Pembridge, Thistle, Chalmers, hey !
 You, as players, decent weigh ;
 Hearts like yours could ne'er betray
Scavvin, Pepper, Frank to-day ;
 Quiz of *Wedding Guests*, allay ;
 Back those wretched *tips* repay.—
Joseph, take a holiday !—
Girls and *Guests* a long array.
Kay's Assistants joy convey.

Actors, Actresses and they,
 Th' Orchestra, its *chef, Marks, A.**
All, like gold, made good assay.
 Maharaja Cooch Beha'.**

* Mr. A. Marks, Conductor of the Cooch Behar State Orchestra.

** *From His Highness The Maharaja of Cooch Behar.*

"Colington (Darjeeling), 29th July, 1909.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN KEBLE.

I have read with peculiar interest stanzas (of 'Creeds') where you have made reference to certain sects and denominations of the Indian people. The poems are full of thought.

The other poems ('Darjeeling Ditties') carry me back to my first efforts at staging Musical Comedy up here ('THE GIRL FROM KAYS') and are full of interest to me. (Continued next page).

Pardon playful lines we pray.
This, your good work, all survey.
May your kingship ne'er decay ! *
Called to bow at your *levée*,
Never would we disobey,
Though your Court's so far to stray.

Critics some, might knifing flay,
We would rather fare on hay,
Served with sauce of curds and whey,
Yes, or drive a *cabriolet*
Strapped to tearing runaway !
But with vein of *naïveté*,
Balance fair, *égalité*,
Shown herein, a pleasing trait ;
Then, for scribbling who'd waylay,
Give our muse a harsh *congé* ?

These few lines we thus purvey,
No more rhymes i'faith, heyday !
Yes, Eureka ! Three ! Hurrah !

Yours sincerely,

J. A. K.

Homestead,

Happy Valley ?

Yea !

— : O : —

I am sending you a copy of my Shikar Book which I hope you will do me the pleasure to accept.

Yours sincerely,
NRIPENDRA N. BHUP.

* A Babylonian salutation !
This, ours, a modern application ;
But means the Biblical translation :
" O king live for ever.

TOWN HALL,

DARJEELING, 14TH OCTOBER, 1904.

"THE GIRL FROM KAYS."

Dramatis Personæ.

Norah Chalmers	...	Mrs. Borrett.
Ellen (her maid)	...	Mrs. Maddox.
Mrs. Chalmers	...	Mrs. W. H. Edwards.
Cora Paget	...	Miss Ella Porter.
Winnie Harborough (Girl from Kay's)	..	Mrs. H. Mitchell.
Harry Gordon	...	Mr. S. R. Hignell, I.C.S.
Hon. Percy Fitz-Thistle	.	Mr. E. L. Pape.
Theodore Quench, K.C.	...	Mr. A. MacMillan.
Mr. Chalmers	...	Captain Hodgson, R.A.M.C.
Archie Pembridge	...	Major S. Bird, R. Fusiliers.
Joseph (Porter at Flacton)	...	Mr. A. K. Puzey, R.F.
Pepper (Page boy at Flacton)	...	Mr. E. Hawkins, R.F.
Scavvin (Proprietor of Flacton Hotel)	...	Mr. H. W. Shawcross.
Frank (Waiter, Savoy Restaurant)	...	Mr. F. Piffard, Depy. Collr.
Max Hoggenheimer	...	Mr. F. C. Daly, B. Police.

ASSISTANTS AT KAY'S.	NORAH'S BRIDESMAIDS.	WEDDING GUESTS.
Mrs. Stock.	Mrs. Elliott.	Rajkumar Jitendro Narayan.*
Miss Gladys Coffin	Miss Sells.	Mr. G. Dey.
Miss T. Webb.	Miss Lethbridge	Mr. B. A. Saunders-Dyer, R.F.
Miss Schorr.	Miss Slater.	Mr. F. Nation, King's Own.
Miss Henly Sith Smith.	Miss Wearing.	Mr. C. W. Ford, R.G.A.
Miss Saunders-Dyer.	Miss R. Webb.	Mr. R. W. Jacob, F.D.
Miss Beatson Bell.	Miss Beale.	Mr. V. Codwell, 19th Hus.

—: o :—

* Now Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

“ THE GEISHA.”

General and Stage-Manager,
His Highness the Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

(*A Review in verse.*)

“ The Geisha.”—Japanese nice play,—
In coy kimonas’ gay array ;
A Story told of Tea House spree,
On Saturday, we went to see.
As back the crimson curtains ran,
One scanned a show in fair Japan ;
A lovely view, with Tea House too,
And bridge, lit road-lamp, lake, bamboo.
On mats about the garden-ground,
Were *Geisha*, *Mousmes*, seated round :
Behind, the Chorus filled the scene ;
A prettier sight could scarce be seen.

Japan, so happy, all a-glitter.
Look ! List the *Geisha* how they titter,
And shyly pose, with varying graces,
And ope their little toilet cases,
And touch with rouge their pretty faces :
Before their handy, tiny mirrors,
Prepare themselves for Tea House suitors.
The *Mousmes*, egg-shell tea cups rattle,
The *Geisha* sip, with simple prattle,
And breathe some wondering tittle-tattle.
The whole gesticulate and talk,
As rickshaw coolies crossing walk.

Wun-Hi—you eye and wink with two
And wantee catchee dollars too.
Macdonald, A. D., R.G.A.,
Was funny, slobbering, lithesome, gay.
As daring as a scarecrow now ;
When threatened, trembling made *kow-tow*.—
Now girlee *Geisha*, quickee *chop*.
See ! shipee devils come my shop.

Go, bringee tinklee *samisen*,
 To pleasee English sailor men.
 And so they comee backeegeen,
 And *Wun-Hi* makee profit then.

The jolly sailor boys ashore,
 The Japanese wee girls adore.
The House of Tea's Ten Thousand Joys,
 They patronise, these British Boys.
Reg. Fairfax, spruce *Dick Cunningham*,—
 Real sailor each, not coastwise sham,—
 Tell joyously of Jappy fun,
 That now on shore has just begun.
 The *Geisha* cry, "Please try our tea;"
 While *Fairfax* sings of Tea House glee,
 And *Cunningham* of spry "Jap Jappy,"
 Till all pair off agreeably happy.

O Kiku San (Chrysanthemum)
 A *Geisha*, o'er the garden swum;
 Miss Sylvia Keble daintily,
 Danced Tea-girl-like delightfully;
 Miss Seaton, Korb, and Mrs. Hewitt,
 Were *geishing* on, but didn't do it!
 Yet all these *Geisha* did was good,
 Her part each one well understood;
 And helped the singing grandly on,
 Their voices rang like clarion.

The French Girl, jaunty "*Juliette*,"
 A bright vivacious, *shy* coquette,
 Was played by Mrs. Buckland well,
 We joy her rare success to tell.
 She sang, "If *that's not Love—what is?*"
 The *Marquis* caught with all of his.
 Each spoken word and tone she sung
 Was nicely breathed and sweetly rung.

A. Chotzner, 'Squire, I. C. S.,
 Distinctly made a great success:
 The *Marquis*, haughty, bumptious, proud,
 Was well conceived, and not too loud:
 The part was played most excellent,
 His eyeballs flashed! his dark brows bent

He cowed the girls and *bold Wun-Hi*
 As if he'd dropped from out the sky ;
 But fearing Fortune-Teller's word,
 Low grovelled 'mid the dust ! Absurd
 For such a mighty man as he,
 The scornful, frightful Japanee,
 High, " Heaven-born " * *Marquis Imari !*

Miss Molly Seamore, quite the rage,
 A lovely girl to court, engage,
 With rickshaw *runs* on, down the stage,
 Her coolie foiled to overtake,
 Whose get-up surely *took the cake*.
 Now *Molly* lively, skipping light,
 About her *Reggy* gets a fright :
 To test his constancy's corona,
 Disguises in a rich kimona ;
 And sings of "*Roli-Poli San*."
 Of Polly piping, game Japan,
 "*Chon Kina*," "*Monkey slid on stick*,"
 All sang with zest, verve, dash and *chic*.

(Mr. Piffara.)

(Mrs. Maddox.)

Mimosa San, a *Geisha* fay,
 The centre bright, in gay array,
 Of Tea Girls pretty, who enthrall
 The shippee officers big and small,
 Miss *Ella Porter* won each heart,
 So sweetly singing every part.
 "*The Amorous Goldfish*," it that died,
 Made people think of *Reggy's side*,
 Who came ashore to win light heart,
 Light-heartedly to then depart.
 You genial officer gentlemen,
 You come and win sweet sweethearts, then
 For "*Kissing Duo*," come again !

" *The Geisha's Life*," to sing all day,—
 And trill top B with easy sway,—
 Our toils in coming well repay.
 "*The Beautiful Queen of the Geisha*"
 Sang love-song, *The Jewel of Asia* ;

* See note 7, page 15.

Which charmed by its simplicity.
 Pure intonation, sympathy.
 Miss Porter proved, yes, out and out,
 A songstress fine without a doubt.

The *Lady Constance*, too, was grand ;
 Imperiously she waved her hand,
 To Fairfax gave a reprimand.
 Tall Mrs. Strachan Coutts did well,
 And made each sentence fitly tell.
 The Ladies, Officers, Attendant,
 Guards, Sergeant, Captain, each complaisant,
 Well filled the parts to them assign'd,
 And pleasing pictures formed behind.

No time is there for one to tell
 Of *obi*, fans, or frightening bell ;
 Of auction-sale of pretty girls,
 Of almond-blossoms, trinklets, pearls,
 Wisteria, sun-hats, circling shades,
 Of tinted lights in bright cascades,
 Of *Tori*, known as sacred gate—
 No, time is short, and now too late !

The Maharaja Cooch Behar,
 Of India's Chiefs a brilliant star !
 Staged well the play, and coached all through
 Adepts and those to acting new.
 Kimonas, dresses, scenery, *all* !
 Enough to puzzle, daze, appal ;
 He thought each out, in quiet way,
 And made the show a grand display !

The Maharani, clapped them there,—
 Choice, sparkling jewels decked her hair.—
 Princesses, youthful daughters two,
 And Prince—Raj Kumar—" Raji " too.
 A lauding cheer His Highness give
 Who deigns with us to socially live ;
 May life with him and his be calm.
 To each we make our best *Salâm* !

The *Copy* asked for in a twinkling.*
Left little time for thoughtful thinking ;
We've had to *scribe* in such a hurry,
It's been a proper flurry, scurry.
"The Geisha" show won real success,
This, each and all with thanks confess.
We'll surely go another day,
Till then adieu,

Yours,

J. A. K.

* "The 'Ditties,' (those that were specially) written for the press, had to be dashed off to be in time for the publication of the paper, some having been written in the middle of the night immediately after the functions, to be in time for the next day's issue."—Darjeeling *Visitor*. 28-11-1908.

THE STATION RINK.

DARJEELING, 23RD SEPTEMBER 1905.

"THE GEISHA."

Dramatis Personae.

O Mimosa San ... Miss Ella Porter.
 Juliette Diamant ... Mrs. P. L. Buckland.
 Nami (Wave of the Sea) ... Miss Brown.

(Geishas)

O Kiku San (Chrysanthemum) ... Miss Keble.
 O Hana San (Blossom) ... Mrs. Hewitt.
 O Kinkoto San (Golden Harp) ... Miss Korb.
 Komurasaki San (Little Violet) ... Miss Seaton.

Lady Constance Wynne, ... Mrs. Strachan Coutts.
 Miss Ethel Hurst, ... Mrs. Edwards.
 Miss Mabel Grant, ... Mrs. J. C. Hodgson.
 Miss Marie Worthington, ... Miss Johnson.
 Miss Molly Seamore, ... Mrs. Maddox.

(Officers of H. M. S. The Turtle.)

Reginald Fairfax, ... Mr. J. H. Wilson, Royal Fusiliers.
 Dick Cunningham, Captain J. C. Hodgson, R.A.M.C.
 Arthur Cuddy, ... Mr. A. C. Hewitt, R. F.
 George Grimston, ... Mr. North Bomford, R. F.
 Tommy Stanley (Midshipman) Mr. A. H. Wilson, R. F.

Captain Katana, ... Mr. M. T. Porter, R. E.
 Takemine, ... Mr. M. R. Jacob, I. A.
 Wun-hi, ... Mr. A. D. Macdonald, R. G. A.
 The Marquis Imari, ... Mr. A. Chotzner, I. C. S.
 Mousmes ... Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Sen, Mrs. Stoddard,
 Miss Bell, Miss Byrne, Miss Reese.
 Guards, Attendants, Coolies, etc., ... Messrs. Piffard,
 Cowper, Lowe, Nicholson, Raj Kumar Jitendra
 and Raj Kumar Victor of Cooch Behar.

General and Stage Manager, His Highness the Maharaja of Cooch Behar. (*Nripendra N. Bhup.*)

“THE EIDER-DOWN QUILT.”

As our plays of this year,
Have been charmingly clear,
All are satisfied, pleased and contented ;
So with welcome sincere,
We greet *each* with a cheer,
Who to act for us kindly consented.

“The Arabian Night,”
Entertaining and light,
Anteceded the grandly staged “Geisha,”
Then along came the “Quilt,”
Upon *which* much was built,
To enhance our good name in South Asia.

On “The Eider-Down Quilt.”
De bonne grâce had been spilt,
Since “The Geisha” achieved its grand day ;
So its seams we will jilt,
Nor cut down to the hilt :—
With the lancet let others display.

For “The Eider-Down Quilt,”
We would *not* have the guilt
On our conscience, to carp or inveigh ;
Nor against it would tilt,
Or *bedspread* it with guilt,
Nor faint praise it, and doom it for aye !

K. Mackenzie was good.	1
F. C. Daly withstood	2
The glass quiz of M. M. Haliday,	3
Of ice-cream brotherhood	
From “Bologna,” he stood	
A prime actor, who carried the sway.	

1 Secretary, Darjeeling Amusement Club.
2 Assistant to Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Bengal.
3 Assistant, Court of Wards.

Captain Haig, *entre nous*, 4
 Was in rather a stew,
 When they married him fast to wrong lady ;
 Captain Hodgson withdrew, 5
 Being dubbed a yahoo,
 But he bawled something back, perhaps shady.

Cap. Fitzgerald appeared 6
 For a moment, was cheered
 By his Brothers in Arms from Lebong :
 His announcement, well heard,
 He at once disappeared,
 And was judged a fine, smart *bon-vivant*.

These six gents were all right,
 And made mirthful delight,
 Doing speeches and entrances neat :
 Whilst "*Bologna*" bedight,
 Got a scathing indict ;—
 You're a *Prince of Thin Skin Sausage-Meat* !—

Said the Queen of Navarre,
 Pyrenees' fairest star,
 " Let me see the (bright) oracle who,
 Can tell nations (afar,
 To the Nile's Delta bar,)
 I am beautiful," loving and true.—

So with pleasure we'll veer
 To the ladies, tell clear
 They shone beautiful, each playing well ;
 But the piece, many fear,
 Was but fragile veneer,
 Giving hardly a chance to excel.

Mrs. Bompas looked sweet, 7
 Acted nicely, discreet :
 Miss Mackenzie made graceful display. 8
 These two ladies, we greet
 With applause, and praise meet ;
 Also Mrs. Mackenzie's essay. 9

4, R. E. ; 5, R. A. M. C. ; 6, 2nd Battalion, 7th Royal Fusiliers ;
 7, Wife of the Deputy Commissioner, Darjeeling ; 8, Sister of Kenneth
 Mackenzie, Esq. (see note 1) ; 9, Wife of ditto.

In two days, such a part
 To acquire and impart,
 As *Patricia*, might well have appalled ;
 But with exquisite art,
 Looking charming and smart,
 Mrs. Alec Macmillan intralled. 10

From "The Geisha's" rare fare,
 A few ladies were there,
 Who seemed rapt in the play of the piece ;
 They had lately their share
 Of distinction elsewhere,
 Which no soul would e'er dream to decrease.

The "Down Quilt" when *pulled off*,
 Gave no cause for a cough ;
 Now out-worn, may no longer enchain ;
 So at plays we may scoff,
 And our Fancy Dress Doff,
 Till next year brings amusements again.

We now part from our verse,
 Anapestic and terse,
 And wish all who may read it, Good Day !
 If we never rehearse,
 Cast or stage a piece worse,
 We shall triumph whenever we play !

Town Hall, Darjeeling, 10th October 1905.

"THE EIDER-DOWN QUILT."

THE CAST.

Patricia	Mrs. Macmillan.
Rosamund Denison	Miss Mackenzie.
Lucy Pemberton	Mrs. Bompas.
Alberto Da Bologna	Mr. F. C. Daly, D.S.P.
Sir John	Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie.
Son of Sir John	Captain E. Haig, R.E.
Easy going gent of leisure	Mr. M. M. Halliday, Asst C. of W.
Detective	Captain Hodgson, R.A.M.C.

10 Wife of the Accountant, Alliance Bank. (Another lady had rehearsed the part ; but became indisposed.)

“PYGMALION AND GALATEA.”

DIOCESAN GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Town Hall, Darjeeling.

(*A Poetic Critique.*)

“Pygmalion and Galatea,”
On Tuesday, Wednesday, cheered us here.
Young ladies, all the parts essay'd,
And formed a classical parade.
These teachers, scholars deftly trained,
Their acting lessons well maintained,
And merited the praises gained.
The scene, a sculptor's studio,
Showed statuettes, and blooms aglo'.
The story's classic fancy old,
These lines will briefly now unfold.

Pygmalion, proud Athenian born,
Has sculptured heavenliness o'erborn,
The Athens-world to charm, adorn.
His lovely statue, Galatea!
A Goddess deemed, that all revere,
Within his studio, beauteous stands;
In front are joined her marble hands.
A screen shuts out from constant view
Her loveliness to more endue.
He prays the Gods to give it breath,
Transform to life from marble-death.

His winsome, dear and loving wife,
The crowning prize of virile life.
*She must, she says, for one short day
Depart, 'twill quickly pass away.
I know you grieve when I'm not here,—
The model of your Galatea :—
Your statue then, my proxy be ;
Should thoughts of love arise in thee,
Make plea to her, as if to me.*

*Thou hast thy license ; yet take care ;
 Already I'm half jealous—there !
 But safe in leaving thee with her ;
 The statue cannot hear nor stir.*

She parts. He vaunts his sculptured skill,
 Needs naught but breath to make it thrill.
 The marble stands, perfection's mark ;
 But Oh ! for Heaven's Promethean Spark !
 The vital power to animate,
 His God-like work to consummate !
 He longs to see it live and move,
 His faultless statue, gods approve ;
 Enthusiasm's impatience fires !
 His prayer of fervent heart-desires,
 Beyond man's realm, to Life aspires !
 Ambition stirs his lofty brain.
 At length his prayers an answer gain

Jove grants his wish ! The maid of stone,
 Imbued with life, and flesh and bone,
 Breathes, speaks, and stepping, quits her throne
 And meets her author, begs his love,
 As angel pure, from heaven above.
 Blood-veined, inflamed with maiden life,
 She yearns to be *Pygmalion's* wife ;
 Her artless words, angelic smile,—
 His senses daze,—awhile beguile.
 Her pleading unsophisticated,
 Might well his heart have captivated ;
 Sure never man's warm blood could stand
 The touch of such idyllic hand,
 And not be swayed by its command !

Yet brave *Pygmalion* bears the test,
 His constancy makes manifest ;—
 And tells her, he's already wed :
 The Gods a single wife have said !
 Still, *Galatea* guileless pleads :
 Not knowing love, invidious breeds
 Fierce, jaundiced jealousy. His wife,
 Returned, moved on to green-eyed strife ;
 Concludes his wedded love has fled
 To her from parian marble bred,

Mad spite infects Cynisca's mind,
And having gift to strike him blind,
Exerts the spell, and takes away
His sight for many a weary day.

Pure, innocent, sweet *Galatea*,
Pygmalion's masterpiece, a peer
Of maids, enchantingly endowed ;
Now hears her love is disavowed ;
So, nerved with resolution stern,
Resolves all human lure to spurn,
And once again to sculpture turn.
Remounts her pedestal, to stand
A marble marvel, silent, grand,
A wonder-work of human hand !

Pygmalion's wife, remorseful, sighs,
Removes the spell from off his eyes ;
And husband, wife are reconciled.
His sight restored ; no more beguiled
By sculptured beauty animate,
Or dream of fame insatiate !
Before pale *Galatea* kneels ;
Who back to marble, quick congeals !—
So ends the play. A classic lay ;
How well 'twas played, to now convey.—

Pygmalion, tranquil Miss R. Boys,
Such courtly picture one enjoys.
With well-bred dignity she spoke—
Solicitous to not provoke,
Yet emulation's zeal awoke.—
Was excellent from first to last,
The crowning lady of the cast !
Miss Beale, as *Galatea* sweet,—
Each swain bent knee before her feet,—
With Grecian features, wooing smile,
Soft, silvery speech, and charm of style,
And elocution's swaying art,
Impressed the mind, and touched the heart.
She shines the sweetest who has graced
Our stage in classic folds embraced !

Pygmalion's wife, *Cynisca* fair,
 Miss Dora Savi, used much care,
 And played her part with thoughtful skill :
 From love to hate ran passion's thrill,
 That touched the veins like sudden chill.
 Miss W. Pegler, *Daphne*, bold,
 Proud, haughty, backed by wealth of gold,
 Her husband henpecked, bark to pith,—
 Poor *Chrysos* ! Miss D. Leslie Smith.—
 Miss Pegler shone a grand addition,
 A charming actress acquisition.
Myrine, apt Miss Avis Payne,
 How young, so well to entertain ;
 Made speech and gesture, feeling tell :
 A confident, naive, budding belle.

Leucippus, tall Miss Julia Ager,
 No manlier cast was there, a wager !
 Miss Smith and she had both to play,
 Two forms of men, one hoary gray,
 And one, a Spartan fiancé.
 Poor *Chrysos* cried ; his bathos bray,
 Was most diverting. Here, we say,
 Each made praiseworthy, good display.
 Miss August, D., a proud *Slave* lad,
 Miss Toogood too, a *Slave*, too bad,
 Though slave herself, she showed no pity,
 For slaves she made,—she looked so pretty.

Pure English was the speech we heard ;
 Enunciation good, each word
 Pronounced legitimately right.
 The players beaming with delight,
 Won nought but praise. 'Tis true—A fact !
 Real pleasure 'twas to see them act.
 The audience clapping loud, were seen,
 Well pleased with actresses and scene.—
 Who went to First Day's Matinée,
 And praised this Mythologic Play ;
 Took seats again the Second Day !
 As did

Yours truly,

J. A. K.

18th and 19th September 1906.

A MUSICAL PLAY.

"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER."

RINK THEATRE, DARJEELING.

*General and Stage Manager His Highness the Maharaja of
Cooch Behar.*

On twenty-fourth September,
A day to long remember,
The latest London Music Play,
"The Girl Behind the Counter" gay,
Drew wide its curtains, made display,
"*Maison Duval's*" of rich array.
The shop has counters round its sides,
A desk, where fair Cashier presides,
A glazed, revolving, turnstile door,
For *easy* ingress *certain, sure!*
Raised balcony at back is seen;
Its double stairs complete the scene.

The *Shop Girls* neat, each looked her best,
In white, with emerald ribbons drest.
The *Lady Customers* strolled smart,
And made exceedingly good start.
The *Gentlemen* in silk hats *tiled*,
At *Shop Girls* quized, and questioned, smiled.
The dresses all were just first rate,
The *mise-en-scene* elaborate.
The Opening Chorus, grand rondeau,
Of "*Hurry skurry to and fro.*"
Was sung with stir and gusto, go,
In perfect tune, a Bond Street sho'!

Down struts *Duval*, his sales to spurt,—
An enterprising Frenchman curt,—
"*Rudolph!*" he bawls, "*undo your head,
And make ze mat your stand-up-bed.*"
The smart Hall Porter, doffs his hat,
And takes his stand on entrance mat.
Duval calls "*Suzie!*" Makes her shrink,
By saying, "*You've too much eye-vink.*"

*And if, I hear ze talk or comment,
 " I vill discharge you on ze moment."*
 The Office Boy, *Adolphus Dudd*,
 Sharp shirks a kick-out, mired with mud.

When something muddled-up goes wrong,
 Cries out,—this portly *bon vivant*,—
*Dat make de last straw I can take,
 It gives de camel ze back-break !*
 At length, he stays the bustling throng,
 And sings his "*Entaireprizing Song*."
 The *business* ways of trade are shown,
 Its greed for gain, like dog for bone !

Down comes *Ninette*, with hat antique,
Duval exclaims "*'tis magnifique.*"
*It's marked three sows. As I'm alive,
 I'll charge its price ze guineas five.
 This make ze profit very good,
 I like make bigger, dat I would !
 I go ze carnival to-night ;
 You see de girls go too all right.*

Now enters *Viscount Gushington*,
 An *ennui* scion-born, gay *bon-ton* ;
 The Manageress is *Gussie's* mark,
 He's after her from morn till dark.
 Fair *Millie* enters, down the stairs,
 And kisses *Gussie* unawares.
*Oh ! kiss again, dear, if you would,
 That one has done a world of good !*
 He starts to sing a lay, not long,
 A "*Beastly, awfully jolly*" song.

Sir Wilkie Willoughby,—just hist,—
 A General on retired list,—
 By stumbling through the Entrance Hall ;
 Comes reeling on, but doesn't fall.
 His wife is caught in whirl of door,
 While *he* skids, slipping down the floor.
 By waiting spring-door's swaying spin,
 The *Lady, Willoughby* gets in,
 And drubs him with her *javelin*
 That waggles just above her chin !

She makes complaint, about a hat.
 He eyes the *Girls*, and cribs a chat.
 Before each Comic Opera girl,
 He stands, his waxed-moustache to curl.
 A half-bred *roue*, as is seen ;
 French girl, *Ninette*, he's *on for* keen :
 When *she's* away, he goes for *Suzie*,
 And tells her *she's* his *toozie-woozie*.

Now *Winnie* sweet, appears at back ;—
 Her parents keep her on the rack.—
 She's *Viscount Gussie's* fiancée ;
 But he from her has strayed away.
 And though engaged to *Winnie* fair,
 She cannot bear his vacant stare.
 To jilt him, tries it, all she can,
 And sings, "*I Mean to Marry a Man !*"

Dudd sweethearts *Suzie*, *a la mode*,
 They sing, in parts, "*The Hampstead Road :—*"
 Then ends duet with sprightly dance,
 Which gives *belle Suzie* sportive chance
 To pirouette and lithesome prance.
Dudd capers, frisks in funny way,
 Admiring *Suzie's* apt display.
 Encore ! is called for every day.

Now starts the chorus, "*We've been Shopping,*"
 And energy and coin been dropping.
Miss Winnie Willoughby appears,
 And *Gussie* quickly disappears !
 To 'scape his *striking-match* despair,*
 Tells *Millie*, she'd go anywhere !
 As no one knows, so can't discount her,
 Becomes, a "*Girl Behind the Counter.*"

The lover, *Charlie's* part begins,
 He sings "*The Land where th^t best man wins.*"—
 A lucky miner, *la-di-da*,
 Just landed from West Africa ;—

* Repeatedly pulling out his match-box, and striking a match to light his cigarette, ("Dash it,") was a distinctive pantomimic feature of the character.

Buys flowers sweet, from *Winnie's* hands,
 And feels that she his heart commands :
 The " Flower Duo," " *Wont you buy,*"
 They sing, and *all* tastes satisfy.

Then *Suzie* leaves, to get her lunch ;
 And *Dudd* sneaks in, and takes a bunch
 Of five pound notes, from out her box ;
 Steals two, and sneaks off, like a fox.
Miss Millie gives the *Girls* delight,
 To Carnival may go to-night,
 But must be back before it's light !

Returning with a strap of books,
 The General glances amorous looks.
 His wife, he thinks, is weak as putty ;
 " *These books, she says, are rather nutty,*"
 Which means perhaps they're nearing *smutty*,
 It's *his* excuse to come again,
 The smart, French girl to entertain !

Miss Suzie now, in blanched dismay !
 Discovers ten pounds gone astray.
 She says, I left *Miss Smith* in charge,
 That's *Winnie*, whom *Duval* will charge.
 She stands alone, to bear the blame
 Of theft,—opprobrium's evil name ;
 Poor *Winnie* vows she's innocent,
 But *has* to quit the establishment ;
 So *Charlie Chetwynd* takes her part,
 And swears the *real* thief soon shall smart.
 Then *Suzie* weeps, the *Girls* co-act ;
 Her " *Boo Woo* " strains, big tears extract ;
 Its *touching* chorus, ends the act.

The Second Scene " *Ice Carnival,*"
 At " *Baron's Court*" celestial :
 The cost, the only prohibition.
 The Opening Chorus, " *Exhibition.*"
 Hurrah ! " *The buildings all en fête.*"
 We'll chink our glasses tête-à-tête.

King Carnival is everywhere,
 His votaries the young and fair,
 Who love caprice, frivolity,
 And merriment and jollity.
 Each lights a cigarette, cigar,
 And sings with revelry Huzza !

This Chorus sung with might, all right,
 Gave every one outright delight,
 And quickened music's appetite.
 Fair *Millie* chimes her "*Enid*" ditty,
 About a vicar's daughter witty ;
 And gets a roaring, long encore ;
 So *has* to sing just one verse more.

Now *Suzie*, dressed as "*Greenaway Girl*,"
 In shimmering white, a glistening pearl.
Adolphus Dudd as wee "*Boy Blue*,"
 As proud as perky cockatoo.
 Draws *Suzie* off on four small wheels,
 In box that just her heels conceals ;
 But *must* return to loud appeals !

The "*French Song*," *Winnie* well outspake it,
 And sang that "*Life's just what you make it*."
 'Twas followed on by pleasing dance ;
 Well stepped and timed, a foot romance.
 She *has* to do the steps once more,
 And lift the bouquets off the floor.
 Now enters *Lady Willoughby*,
 Annoyed with *Winnie's* potency.
Sir Walter Raleigh's worthiness,
 Comes on, and tells of Good Queen Bess,
 She called him "*Wally*," he her "*Lizzie*,"
 They smoked all day, which kept them busy !
 He sings, "*Sir Walter Raleigh*," song,
 And reaps applause, both loud and long.

Lord Gushington, in rich attire,
 Strolls, gushing on, his sole desire.
 As Charles the Second, cane and poodle,
 Was just the thing, a masher noodle.
 The Merrie Monarch made his bow,
 In Guy Fawkes' *topi* o'er his brow,

The cavalier's grand, broad-brimmed hat,
 Flat-crowned, large feathered, where was that ?
Lord Gushington was sold a pup,
 Perhaps by him who dressed him up,
 His dog had head that nodded twaddle,
 Instead of tail to wiggle-waggle.
 From "Eroom's" shop 'twas got, you know
 They've nodding cats and dogs on show.

Fair *Millie* finds her lover here ;
 And both have wine and bottled beer ;
 She breathes to him, *you're dressed so neat ;*
 He lisps to her, *you're budgie tweet.*
 They then start spooning, *entre nous,*
 And sing duet, "*Oo loves oo,*" *soo !*
 They duckie darling, *didums doo,*
 And lovey dovey, bill and coo.

Young *Dudd* hums glibly as a bee ;
 But for, "*The Apple on the Tree,*"
Jimima Jinks ! we'd nowhere be !
 No one would then have had an heir !
 No mid-wife cry, "*Twins, I declare !*"
 What *blank* if it had been a *pear !*
 Our "heaven born" *Civs.*, unborn, *non est,*
 And no one "beastly overdrest." *See Note 6,*
page 15.

Fair Eve's sweet fruit, what could he do,
 Poor Adam ! with such *billet doux ?*
 He took a bite, that gave delight,
 And then was in a woful plight:
 They ate the nice, forbidden thing,
 Then found they needed *durzying !* *(Tailoring, etc.*
Hindustani.)
 So ran *Dudd's* song, it won renown,
 Th' applause was great, the house came down !

Young *Charlie's* "Happy Home" to share,
 Sweet *Winnie* sings, "*Yes, I'll be there.*"
 Eternal love they each declare.
 The right man he, a millionaire !
Dudd cries, 'twas I who stole the note.
 Then *poison* drinks, from *table d'hôte ;*
 And feels Eve's Apple choke his throat,
 So gets a poking antidote.

Peccavi howls on bended knee,
 And *Winnie* melts at *Suzie's* plea ;
 So *Charlie* gets him off, scot free.—
 Now that's the plot, it's not a lot ;
 But yet 'tis more than most have got !
 The Final Chorus, sung with glee,
 " *All hail ! all hail ! frivolity.*"
 Brought down the Curtain merrily.



The *Lady Willoughby*, imposing,—
 Her histrionic sway disclosing,—
 Was Mrs. Harold Edwards, she, 1
 Who played the part delightfully.
 Miss Porter, *Winnie Willoughby*, 2
 Was all that one could wish to see ;
 Her singing always sweet and true.
 And stage appearance charming too,
 And dancing, acting, taking way,
 Refined and finished, bore the sway.

Fair Mrs. Macpherson's every word, 3
 Was sweetly toned, distinctly heard.
 As *Millie* had a grand reception,
 Most genuine, without deception.
 Miss Keble, *Suzie*, trim Cashier, 4
 Was unapproached within her sphere,—
 With *Dudd*, the dodger, fooling strong,—
 The most bewitching of the throng.
Ninette was Mrs. Edge, French girl, 5
 Who made the General twist and twirl.

Duval was F. C. Daly, known 6
 An actor, who but few dethrone ;
 And one withal can hold his own.
 Did well the waiter's slothful drawl,
 Half-crown conveyed from one and all.
Lord Gushington was Major Haig, 7
 Who spoke clear out, was never vague,
 Whate'er he does, he does not plague ;
 But acts each part with thought, right well,
 Deserves great credit, truth to tell.

1. For names, etc., of the characters, see page 51.

Aaolphus Dudd, no stick i' the mud,
 Was Mr. E. G. Ford, young blood ; 8
 Who squirmed and wriggled out his fun,
 And drew applause from every one.
Sir Wilkie Willoughby, a beau,
 Mackenzie Kenneth like a pro., 9
 Showed talent subtle, humour fine,
 Conception, bringing all in line.
 Phil Carlton, *Charlie Chetwynd* smart, 10
 With word and song won *Winnie's* hear t
 H. W. Shawcross gave surprise, 11
 As *Rudolph*, well deserved a prize.

Miss Greenaway and *Little Boy Blue*,
 With *Winnie*, *Charlie*, *Millicent* too,
Sir Walter, *Gussie*, sharp *Duval*,
Ninette, the " nutty " *General*,
Rudolph, and *Lady Willoughby*,
 Two *Waiters*, and six *Page-Boys* see ! 12
 The *Top-hat Swells* were Major Duggan,
 Kumar Jitendra, Chichele Plowden, 13, 14
 St. Hill smart Captain, F. C. Jacomb, 15, 16
 And H. V. Reynolds, we *must* make-room, 17
 For Porter, Piffard, and a strong 18, 19
 Band chorus squad from Al Leborg. 20

The *Head Assistants*, ladies eight,
 And *Lady Customers* elate,
 Were Mrs. Bryan Evans, right,
 Then Miss McArthur, next in height,
 Miss Sells, Marcks, Mrs. Hemmingway,
 Miss Bull, and Franklin, Masters, yea,
 And Mrs. Thompson, Otho Byrne,
 The Misses Marks come next in turn,
 And Mrs. Shillingford,—no more then,
 Excepting fairest Mrs. Warden.

This now completes the splendid cast,
 Through each one's name we've cheerful pass'd,
 And pleasure found as rhyming grew,
 And trust we've given pleasure too,—
 When once His Highness fails to train,
 When shall we see such plays again ?—

*Now, every one within the shop !
Just all of you, a moment stop !
You've made us clap, encore, and gaze,
We give you each the greatest praise !*

“ The Girl Behind the Counter” Hail !
The Orchestra and all regale.
The Maharaja Cooch Behar,
His Highness, our Transcendant Star,
Who *will* have everything done right ;
All Hail ! his tact, discretion, might !
Which made the play such great success.—*
*Stage Manager ; we all express,
A hope, your pains our thanks may pay.*

Your humble servant,

J. A. K.

24-9-1906.

—:O:—

* “ The late Maharaja interested himself largely in theatrical productions, the musical comedies staged by him in Darjeeling will always be remembered for the beauty of their staging and music and their general excellence all round.”—The *Englishman*, Calcutta, 2nd October, 1912.

NOTES TO "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER."

1. Wife of a solicitor.
 2. Daughter of the above.
 3. Wife of Donald J. Macpherson, I.C.S. (*Now*
 4. Daughter of Captain Keble. [*Lady Macpherson.*
 5. District Superintendent of Police.
 6. Wife of Engineer, P.W.D.
 7. Royal Engineers.
 8. Indian Army.
 9. Secretary Gymkhana Club.
 10. A professional Comic Opera tenor.
 11. A Master, St. Paul's School.
 12. Royal Army Medical Corps.
 13. Of Cooch Behar.
 14. Deputy Inspector-General of Police.
 15. Captain St. Hill, 33rd, D. of W's. Regiment.
 16. F. B. Jacomb, Indian Army.
 17. H. V. Reynolds, 33rd, D. of W's. Regiment.
 18. Mr. H. V. Porter.
 19. F. E. Piffard, Deputy Magistrate and Collector.
 20. 33rd, West Riding, Duke of Wellington's
Regiment.
-

“ A COUNTRY GIRL.”

THE PEACE SONG.*

THE SWEET, HAPPY VALLEY OF BHONG !

Ere I sing the “ Peace ! ” song,
 We would like you to throng
 To the near, level, sweet Happy Valley ;
 And to make it a park
 To *bow-wow*, have a lark,
 And to picnic with Sybil and Sally !
 How delightful 'twould be,
 There to vow devotee,
 Take a little love-walk, make proposal ;
 Then to ramble and rove
 Through its paradise grove,
 In a heaven of acceptance supernal !

Refrain.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for loved peace !
 'Neath a wide-spreading deodar strong,
 There to spoon and repose,
 See the races and shows,
 In the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

Chorus.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for soft peace !
 No Kakina of game Kurseong ;
 Could entice a gay spark,
 From the public, wide park,
 In the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

DARJEELING-HIMALAYAN RAILWAY.

Now the railway, 'tis thought,
 Is extending for sport,
 To the bridge that high crosses the Teesta ;
 But by then an air ship
 O'er our ridges may slip,
 And Rail Shareholders call her a *beaster* !

1. For Notes see pages 55-56.

* The “ Peace Song ” is sung in the play by the Raja of Bhong.

In swift aeroplanes
 We may *drop* to the plains,
 Pay a *dib* for conveying us quicker. 6
 Skimming *jhoras* a score. 7
 Kurseong passing o'er 8
 Give the Railway shareholders a *kick*, sir. 9

Refrain.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for the peace !
 That may come linked to Scotch Kalimpong ! 10
 Though those here, who remain,
 Need no ticket or train
 In the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

Chorus.

Peace ! peace ! flying in peace !
 To the parades and smart drills at Lebong, 11
 But return with a bound
 To the Public playground
 In the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

THE TEA PLANTER.

The Tea Planter's a man
 Who you often may scan
 Riding "First," with a *Backsheesh* ; free ticket,
 By despatching his Tea
 Gets a pass, don't you see,
 So swags "First," in strap-leggings and helmet, 12
 He's a Manager just,
 Makes fine Pekoe and Dust,
 Broken Orange, and Tippy Flake Fanning, 13
 And exists in his house,
 Lonely, snug as a mouse,
 But for nobody's *Somebody's* planning !

Refrain.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for their peace !
 And their grand Broken Pekoe, Souchong, 14
 Though they live far away,
 Some pass up to display,
 Through the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

Chorus.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for their peace !
 And their women so jaunty and strong,
 Who pick leaf day by day,
 And stray jewelled and gay,
 Through the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

15

COUNTRY GIRLS.

When the Station's bereft,
 Not a "Country Girl" left,
 To sit out, or to rink with the mashers,
 Or to dance, Wednesday eves
 With the lovers of Eves,—
 The leave-spenders and officer-dashers,—
 Then we'll sigh for the girls
 Who were here in fine pearls,
 And white wigs, and round, black, beauty-patches,
 To bewitch and beguile,
 Fascinate with a smile,
 And endeavour to weave true-love matches.

Refrain.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for the peace !
 And the "Musical Play Ball," ding dong ;
 Where gay costumes galore,
 Spun around o'er the floor
 Of the Club, on the hillside of Bhong !

17

Chorus.

Peace ! peace ! oh, for real peace !
 And a sweet "Country Girl" *bon-vivant*,
 To lead on, and to kiss
 'Mid a stage-dance of bliss,
 In the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

THE MAHARAJA AS STAGE MANAGER.

Says His Highness anew,
 "No, no, no ! that won't do."
 "We must have that again," with your pleasure,
 "Now just try it once more,"

And you'll raise an encore.

If you act, as I say, more at leisure.

Now "attack your notes" please,

Swell them our like the breeze !

Says our chief, Cooch Behar's Maharaja,

Who in squash tennis court

Plays our best men, in short,

And with ease beats them all !—Sound the *badja* ! 16

(*A fanfare of trumpets, and the chorus shout, Hurrah !*)

Refrain.

Peace ! peace ! oh, give us peace !

May His Highness live happy and long,

With Her Highness, his wife,

And their children through life,

In the sweet, Happy Valley of Bhong !

Chorus.

Peace ! peace ! pleasure and peace !

May he thrive, his grand banquets prolong,

And while life's round remains,

Have good health, for his pains,

In the sweet Happy Valley of Bhong !

RINK THEATRE,

Darjeeling, 16-11-1909.

—:o:—

NOTES TO "A COUNTRY GIRL."

1. This Musical Play was the last staged by His Highness the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

2. For a number of years it has been the desire of many to obtain the Happy Valley Tea Estate, and to have it converted into a park with a race course having a straight run-in of about a quarter of a mile.

3. A *bow-bow* is a gentleman-companion of a grass-widow, at a hill station in India.

4. During May, October and November pic-nicing from Darjeeling is in vogue.

5. The popular and hospitable Raja of Kakina has a palace at Kurseong.

6. A *dib* is a rupee.

7. *Jhoras* are ravines or steep water courses.

8. Kurseong is a small hill station half-way between Darjeeling and the plains, where there are four excellent schools, Dow Hill, Victoria, St. Helen's and Goethal's ; also a Catholic Seminary for training priests.

9. The Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway, paying from 9 to 11 per cent. half-yearly is mainly owned by the "Grand old man" Gladstone family, who when the 30 years period of its concession fell due, last May, was given a renewal for a further term of ten years.

10. Kalimpong is a village among the hills, about 33 miles east of Darjeeling, and is also the settlement of the Scotch Mission Training Homes for poor European and Anglo-Indian children. A most excellent institution, doing very much good, that was urgently needed. It is supported by voluntary contributions, which provide for the staff and educates about 300 children in self-reliant principles. The new railway to the Teesta River bridge, will reach, along the level, to within about five miles of the settlement.

11. Lebong is a cantonment for a British Regiment, about a mile northward further down the spur from Darjeeling.

12. Planters of the Darjeeling District are given an annual free, first class railway pass, as a bonus for their tea going by the railway to the plains instead of by carts.

13. Tea garden coolies call tea fannings "fanning."

14. Darjeeling Broken Pekoe is generally considered the finest tea in the world.

15. Tea garden coolie-women and Nepali women are usually fond of jewellery displays. It is their visible bank.

16. A *badja* is Hindustani for a trumpet or for any musical instrument.

17. The ever hospitable, late lamented Maharaja of Cooch Behar, (*Nripendra N. Bhup*) gave a "Country Girl," "Musical Play Ball," the performers appearing in their stage dresses, all others in fancy dress. There was, of course, a "Country Girl" quadrille, formed by the players.

THE COOCH BEHAR, COSTUME BALL

DARJEELING.

This brilliant Ball of nineteen-five,
Will long in memory survive :
The grandest glitter one could see ;
Enjoyed with social *jeu d'esprit*.
The costumes rivalled rainbow's hue ;
A splendid *coup-d'œil* retinue.
To try to name each dancer's dress,
Would take too long, too much distress.

Below is given a statement true,
Of personations, just a few,
To state the whole would give poor hope,
To image such kaleidoscope
Of colours, tints, and beauty bright,
That made each face reveal delight.
Well now, the givers of the Ball,
Imperative we first install.

His Highness famed, of Cooch Behar,
An Indian Chief and Ruling Star :
This splendid Ball to all gave here,
In Fancy Dress, our hearts to cheer.
Received his guests in rich costume,
Of period Georges, we presume,
His powdered peruke told the time ;
Looked far too rich for common rhyme ;
But here's a good one—list—sublime.

The Maharani, " Ind. Princess,"
In Indian dress, a great success,
Was just, exactly as she seemed,
From countless jewels, sparkles gleamed.
Princess Kumari Protiva,
Princess Sudhira, younger star,
Prince Victor " Jap " in silk galore.
Prince " Raji " smart, a " Toreador "
In crimson cloth, excelsior !

Now let us ^{all} to the "Geisha" go,
 And view its "Lancers" Special Co.
 In rustling silk kimonas rich,
 These *Geisha* ladies all bewitch,
 For many stood and watched the set ;
 The young, the fair, and slight brunette.
 Of all the dancers, all attest,
 The Maharaja swayed the best.

This "Geisha Lancers" pretty sight,
 Gave onlookers a real delight ;
 The *Geisha* girls, *Mimosa San*
 And *Molly Seamore* skipping ran.
 The gents were most Royal Fusiliers,
 A splendid corps of musketeers,
 Each decked in suit of navy blue,
 Fine, handsome, dashing fellows too.

Then "Alice (set) in Wonderland,"
 See round they stand, a pleasing band.
 Let all now bury envious spleen,
 And praise dream Wonderland's good "Queen,"
 The "Duchess," "Alice," "Workman" wight,
 "Mad-Hatter," "Hares," and "Queen of White,"
 Besides two "Cooks" rigged out alike,
 And "Executioner" to strike,
 Who though, with steely, dreadful axe,
 Gave no one chop-chop, nasty cracks !

The dancers names are passed, 'tis so,
 And dresses too, a lovely show ;
 For verses cannot ply for ever,
 No matter how *douceur* or clever.
 "The Roast Beef of Old England !" Eh ?
 Ah, good ! to Supper, come away ;
 Observe ! His Highness leads the way ;
 And look ! the tables, grand array,—
 Each here and there, and not one row,—
 With plate and Race Cups all aglow.

Champagne fine, sparkling in our hands,
 Quick effervescence well withstands ;
 Sure proof 'twas just the proper thing,
 It left behind no after-sting.—

Inferior stuff for table two,
Such *cham*. His Highness could not do.—
Now, "Order!" asked for,—Mr. Hare,*
At once arose from off his chair.
The "Maharaja's health!" said he,
And "Maharani's too!"—With glee
Their health was drank, with Three Times Three!

Now dances, dulness banishing,
With music sweet, enravishing,
No thought was there of finishing!
"Encore!" to "Two-step" rang the cry;
The orchestra, well pleased, comply
And craving encores satisfy.
So dances spun on, swaying gay!
Till pealed "The King!" then thanks we pay;—
And most, to sleep, sped sharp away.—
Kind Maharaja, hear us say,
Good Morning Sire!—'Tis Break of day!

THE AMUSEMENT CLUB,
12th October 1905.

* The Honourable Lancelot Hare, then Senior Member, Board of Revenue, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

DARJEELING, 1905.

Empire-Day Ball.

On twenty-fourth, from gay May-day,
Our late loved Empress's Birth-day,
Which long was kept with parade and show,—
Illuminated scrolls aglow ;—
The British Crown, Orb, Sceptre, Star,
Were seen with luminous " V. R."
In palace, wardroom, club and mess,
Her health was drank in *effervesce*.
Salutes from thundering men-o'-war,
With *feu de joie* and cannon's roar,
For sixty years and three years more,
Impressed the world from shore to shore.

The date, although no State decree
Has said it should remembered be
Is kept up still, in memory yet,
By King, State, People, Court Gazette. *
Our Ruler and her Ladyship,
Desired so, their guests should trip
In Durbar's splendid, spacious Hall,
And keep the day with grand State Ball.
He looked *pur sang*, as always he,
Her Ladyship as always she,
Complaisant, putting all at ease,
No host or hostess more could please.

Their guests arrived, say hundreds three,
Accepting hospitality.
The Military, high and low,
In Mess Dress, made a gallant show.

* *The day has since been officially decreed a Government holiday.*

Officials proud, of Government,
 In uniform, with smiles, unbent ;
 Gilt buttons ranged on coat, vest, cuff,
 Importance gave, just marked enough.

With them and officers combined,
 Civilians whom dress suits confined,
 And ladies fair in silks enshrined,
 And some with sweeping skirts behind,
 Soon filled the hall with life and whirl,
 And sparkling diamond, ruby, pearl,
 Gold-bracelets, brooch-pins, necklets, gems
 Chains, locket, flowers, and anadems.

The senior ladies *distingué*,
 Were robed becoming, *recherché*.
 From others, frocked in rich array,
 Bright sequins glistened every way,
 Whilst many wore light *crêpe de chine*,
 A few had silky grenadine ;
 And some lace Brussels, Honiton,
Valencienne, light, halcyon.

Some Paris-*ecru*, tasteful wore ;
 And others skirts with muslin o'er ;
 Soft chiffon, tinted French *delaine*,
 With stylish ribbons most enchain ;
 Brocades, and dainty *glacé* shoes,—
 No *Cinderella*, one to lose,
 No *Prince* to make it worth the chance.
 A fig for stories, Speed the Dance !—

Now all being ready—*comme il faut*,
 Take places please,—“ The Lancers,” Ho !
 The Ball began with State Quadrille,
 State etiquette to thus fulfil.
 Across the front, then back they glide,
 And gracefully the space divide.
 Then waltzing, whirling, light two-step
 Repeated, pleased like honey-skep.

“ The Roast Beef of Old England ” tune,
 Told those refreshed and those jejune,

That supper time had now come round.
The cloths well spread, all please surround.
The Tables decked with grand epergne,
Showed roses, lilies, orchids, fern ;
And wines to stay the Indian thirst ;
But more substantial fare came first.

* * * * *

As joys of earth must have an end,
So, many left, to homeward bend ;
But those who stayed throughout the *swing*,
The Anthem sang—

GOD SAVE THE KING !

24-5-1905.

—:O:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

DARJEELING, 1906.

State Ball.

The twenty-fourth of merry May,
Brings round our gala Empire Day,
With stately State Ball's grand array,
And Union Jacks that flutter gay ;
Reminding, we have won a name
For justice, enterprise and fame,
That must be kept unsullied, clean,
As name of our late gracious Queen ;
Who set example round the world ;
So now, where'er The Flag's unfurl'd,
Her Birthday-Anniversary,
And memory, by royal decree,
Are kept with fitting dignity :
And so, on this Auspicious Day,
Our Ruler makes a wide display ;
Invites us all to grand State Ball,
Where Music, Beauty, both inthral,
In Durbar's lofty, handsome Hall.

The spacious court, one zone before,
Now heightened stands with upper floor.
The chandeliers, cut-glass, of old,
Now bright electric bulbs uphold,
That cast their lustrous, dazzling spell
On uniforms, plain cloth, and belle.
Where past, glim'd oil-lamps round the walls,
A flood of crystal light now falls.
Choice ferns still hang in baskets wide,
Between the pillars down each side.
By steps, the covered way leads to
The drawing room and card room too.
The glazed verandahs at the end,
Which right and left incurving bend,
Were ranged for sitters-out to talk,
Or take a quiet, cooling walk.
The platform raised at both the sides,
A restful viewing place provides.

The floor, a sheet of shimmering shine
 A fitting terpsichorean shrine ;
 Upheld a host of gentle fair,
 And Sons of Mars, who do and dare !
 In Full Dress, blue and scarlet, proud,
 That forms of manliness enshrou d :
 Around the room, a glittering show,
 With ladies gay, entwined they flow,
 Whose diamonds, gems and glinting bangles,
 And dresses trimmed with sparkling spangles,
 Threw gleams and iridescent beams,
 And flashing teams, in stippling streams,
 That scintillating caught the sight,
 Like pin-point burst of dynamite.
 Some lovely frocks converged in view,
 On extra smart ones, not a few.
 Creations beautiful were seen
 With gossamer and crystal sheen,—
 That made each seem a Fairy Queen.—

Gilt buttoned ones, and plain-dressed men,
 Most workers both with brain and pen,
 Engage them each, a lady friend,
 To mingle, 'mid the crowd's rich blend ;*
 And intertwining black and white,
 Make monochrome a mixed delight ;
 And music's "*St. Cecilia*" bring
 To mind, a fine art, charining thing ;
 Then speeding up to overtake,
 Another pleasing picture make ;
 And so on, moving graceful round,
 As in and out they gliding bound,
 Light blue is seen to near pure white,
 To meet and blend, then disunite ;
 Again transparent sympathise,—
 Like "*Morning Mists*" that beauteous rise
 At dawn, and sink as daylight dies.—
 Till, gold that flows and aureate glows,
 Is seen, like "*Sunset on the Snows*."

*This stanza alludes to three pictures of the Darjeeling Fine Arts Exhibition, which preceded the ball :—" *St. Cecilia*," in Black and White, by Mrs. M. Thompson, daughter of Captain Keble, Happy Valley Tea Estate ; "*Morning Mists*," by Mrs. Newton, wife of Rev. Newton, Rector, St. Paul's School ; and "*Sunset on the Snows*," by Robert Dunbar, Esq., Editor, *Darjeeling Chronicle*. (See "*Fine Arts Exhibition*," stanzas 2, 3 and 6.)

Of all the pretty frocks to tell,
 And lace and jewellery as well,
 That robed the middle-aged and young,
 As o'er the floor they lithesome swung,
 Adepts who slid like rolling pearl,
 And revelled through the dazzling whirl ;
 Or those on sofas, seated proud,
 In ancient lace and satin shroud,
 Would test the crest of "*Bon Marché*,"
 And take, most likely, half a day ;
 And shall we then make rash essay,
 Like boulder scribe, with fresh "swelled head,"
 Rush in, "where angels fear to tread ?"
 Or shall we ply in simple way,
 Just try a few nice things to say,
 Of what enhanced the bright array ?
 "Yes ! try it, we will not inveigh !"
 "All right ! we'll start then, straight away."

Artistic gowns of highest skill,
 Were viewed well posed, in State Quadrille,
 Details of which a page would fill.
 Lace Brussels and Valenciennes,
 Were worn by more than three times ten,
 Embroidered robes, and *crêpe de chine*,
 And sequin-spangled *mousseline*,
 Now right, now left, like dreams were seen.
 Some peerless satin gowns shone too,
 From white, to purple's darkest hue.
Bretelle crossed over *chemisette*,
Bijouterie bebe novelette ;
 Fragility of finest lace,
 Whilst veiling, showed the lovely base !
Tulle Mechlin soft and *poche d'esprit*,
Decolletage on shoulders see ;
 Revealing arms of pink-like white,
 That wooed the sight, and gave delight.

Insertion-laces *grand Beauvais*,
 Frills, pompon roses, ribbons gay.
 Rare pompadours, grey, pink and blue,
 Japan's soft silk, Algerian too ;
 Veil *Necion* fine and *soie de pays*,
 Enhanced by many a jewel-spray.

With telling *robes de lingerie*,
 Were viewed apart and *vis-a-vis* ;
Panne velvet, *ceinture verre Venise*,
 Light, billowy chiffon, white, cerise ;
 Broad-pointed plastrons, front and back,
 In glowing tints, and white and black,
Tulle blonde most exquisitely fine,
 Gemmed *motifs* sparkling crystalline ;
 Rich sunset's lustrous radium *crêpe*,
 Its radiant gleams could none escape :
 Pearl incrustations, glittering, white,
 Enchantment's charm, that charmed the sight.

Embroidered *revers*, *white jabot*,
 Transparent muslins, swaying go ;
 Small brooch-pins, *torchon*, *guipure* lace,
Rivière of jewels, placed to grace ;
Charmant silk ribbons, loosely hung,
 Pearl-stringlets o'er the bodice strung ;
Rococo laces *marquise*,
 Transparent golden gauze *paillette* ;
 Gold tissues, pongee silks, Greek *tulle*,
 Chantilly lace *foulard* the rule.
 Festoons of flowers graceful placed,
Esclavage-neckchains reached the waist,
 Fine open-work, brocades, chenille,
 And *taffetas* caught *coup d'œil*.
 Rich edging, *point d'Angleterre*,
 And harmony of colours rare.—
 Like Wedding Group, 'twas " pretty sight,"
 To see such throng in tints, and white.

There shone some lovely shades of green,
 And blue and red, pink, yellow, cream.
 Soft clinging gowns, and well-cut trains,
 With sweeping curve, the eye enchains.
 A few were plain, a host *soigné* ;
 The latest style *décolleté*.—
 Of Black and White we've told before ;
 Yet one might add, just one word more ;
 The Black was dress of lovely night,
 The White was that of angels bright.
 Among the guests were duteous wives
 Examples chaste of wedded lives.

Sweet damsels, beauteous, lithesome, fair,
 As ever stepped were stepping there.
 A dazzling maze of gliding grace ;
 As circling round they interlace.

A swaying, sparkling, surging throng,
 That swept bewilderingly along.
 The Supper Room, a fairy scene ;
 Where nought but roof before had been.*
 The supper's self was excellent,
 Though this is meagre compliment.
 The centre tables stretched length-ways ;
 Enriched with glistening plate ablaze.
 The *tout ensemble*, whole display,
 Told thought and pains had held full sway !

" The dancing *is* the thing," 'twas said,
 Though looking on kept cooler head ;
 But fair proportions equal should
 Keep one in health's fair neighbourhood ;
 And healthy they who held the floor,
 And those who waltzing's whirl forbore.
 The Ball was all enjoyed throughout,
 From " State Quadrille " to final rout.

Not *one* seemed tired, the least jejune ;
 And waltzers waltzed the ending tune.
 A word is missed, that should be said,—
 Before one tumbles into bed,— (See Note p. 33.)
 All went their best respects to pay ;
 And paid them, ere they came away.
 Each Guest, with thankfulness took wing,
 When once the Band had played " THE KING."

—: O :—

* The Durbar Hall had just lately an upper floor added for Supper Room.

THE SHRUBBERY STAFF GYMKHANA.*

On Saturday, fine day, the 6th of May, (1905.)
 Was held this pleasing, physical display.
 The world, his wife, and all went out to see,
 The Staff Gymkhana grace the Shrubbery.
 With welcome kind, the hostess met each guest :
 And then began the " Horse and Kerchief " test :
 Meandering poles, the distance cutting thin,
 His wife and A. B. C. D. rode to win. †

Next, " Round a Circle, Balls on top of Posts."
 The ladies ride : who fail to seize are ghosts ;
 For minus ball in hand, they quit the scene,
 And leave the circuit of gay *equestrienne*,
 Who curvet round till music stops, then all
 Urge hard their steeds, to seize the nearest ball.
 Miss E. F. G. H. snatched the last one, prime ;
 The prize thus winning, just in nick of time.

Now, came swift horsemen, dashing up apace !
 To win the couples " Whistling, Union Race."
 Dismounting, pipe a tune that they've been told ;
 'Tis writ ! then mount, and off, the prize to hold.
 The tunes selected were, of course, well-known ;
 But some fine people lack the gift of tone.
 I. J. K., off and on his horse, was first,
 The thing done smart, in this he seemed well vers'd.

Soon seen, " Spear-stabbing," sticking small, seed *spuds*,
 Which gave employment to some fine young bloods ;
 In trotting, bucketting, each one did well,
 But *murphy* proved a balking citadel ;
 And L. M. S.'s spike, potato last oft missed !
 Or otherwise he might have all dismissed !
 But N. O. Captain, smart, the winner, trim,
 Ne'er spied potato yet, that baffled him !

* The "Shrubbery" is the old name of Government House and also of its grounds, Darjeeling, the summer residence of the Governor of Bengal.

† The names of the winners, given in the first edition, have been omitted, and the letters of the alphabet consecutively substituted. The italic capital letters of each set need a slight accent or stress. For the names of the winners, etc., see page 71.

Fifth number, "Ladies' Pigsticking." No more
 The Programme told.—Beware! Here comes the boar!
 Well-mounted, Captain *P. Q.* spurred his horse,
 And gave the ladies lead around the course;
 But piggy glib, made most the horses jib,
 Afraid of *swine-o*, as of blazing squib;
 The ladies followed keen, the *brute* around,
 That jumped, careered, and bumped along the ground.*

Brave Mrs. *R. S.* nearest spurring goes;
 But piggy-wiggy 'scaped from all his foes.
 At last she reached, and gave a spearing-bound,
 But overbalancing, impinged the ground!
 But quickly rose and smiled away our fears,
 Unhurt in limb: no cause for grief or tears.
 Then calmly walked, her husband's aiding arm,
 Her stay and shield from further risk or harm.

"*Your Dandywallahs, ladies, each send one.*"—
 To get them fixed in line was rather fun.
 Off went the race, which circumscribed the hill;
 The racers' clothes in flying *deshabille*.
 We saw no more, till minutes five had past,
 When three enthusiasts, reeling, came aghast;
 Dead-beat, or nearly so, and all awry;
 Rupees though, soon their pains indemnify.

The "Jumping Competition," was enjoyed,
 Strawed-hurdles high, and water were employed
 To test the skill of rider and of horse:—
 Away they sped, no mishap or remorse.
 Bare-headed, *T. U.* cleared the whole, right well;
 Some others did so too, 'tis fine to tell.
V. W. sat her steed with fearless rein,
 And whipped it forward twice, and twice again.

* This was a *bhistee* bag, inflated, and trailed with a rope, by a rider who jerked it about, out of the way of the pursuers' prods.

See *X Y*'s spirited, high horse ! 'twas thought
 'Twould win the jumping, as it doubtless ought ;
 It made a show of height and dashing vim,
 And shape of head and chest, and length of limb,
 But *Z* is one not easily beaten, know,
 He always has a horse to top the show,
 That jumped right well, with rushing, bounding climb,
 As surely it will do another time.

Once more with dash of steeds each finds a chair,
I. J. K. first again, quick, *debonnair* :
 At gymky sports, he seems adept indeed,
 The chair and he not bad velocipede.—
 Smart *A. D. C.*'s as sharp as silver pin,*
 Were in and out, about, without, within ;
 Arranging each competitor in place
 Instructing, fixing, doing all with grace.

The Band of Fusiliers Royal, discoursed
 Sweet sounds entrancingly, this all endorsed.
 From round their Bandmaster's bright gold grenade,
 Rang out esthetic music's fusilade.
 Pentameter is here inscribed with quill,
 Heroic, classic verse for Shrubbery Hill.
 Our Chief was there in felt, befitting hat ;
 Some donned the *same* ! What think you friends of
 Did they *thus* tantamount distinction sway ? [that ?
 Since *sim'la* (*r*) hats show same *égalité* !

The Prizes, just the kind to win, and give,
 Were blandly passed to winners positive.
 Her Ladyship with gracious smile to each ;
 Inculcated a lesson, good to teach.
 With suavity and kindly word to all,
 Which imperceptibly affect, enthrall ;
 For hearts are won by simple little acts,
 As oft as gained by worded cataracts. [hurrah.
 Her Ladyship and Staff were given three times
 GOD SAVE THE KING, then closed a pleasant day.

—: O :—

* *Aides-de-camp*.

NOTES TO
"THE SHRUBBERY STAFF GYMKHANA."

- A.* Mr. and Mrs. Maddox, Military Accounts Dept.
E. Miss McNamara, a visitor.
I. Kenneth Mackenzie, Esqre., Sec. Gymkhana Club.
L. Harold Edwards, Esqre, Solicitor.
N. Captain Asburner, Royal Fusiliers.
P. Captain Rennie, A. D. C. to the Lieut.-Governor.
R. Mrs. Maddox (See A.).
T. See L.
V. Miss Jewitt, a visitor.
X. Captain Gardner, Royal Fusiliers.
Z. A. A. Price, Esqre., of "Singamari," Darjeeling.

—: 3 :—

* These index letters are the first of each set in the verses.

THE MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR'S "AT HOME."

"RINKING."

The Maharani's grand "At Home,"*
Beneath the spacious Rink's wide dome,
Well pleased her guests from near and far,
Played out the year with due éclat.
'Twas said that every one had left
The Station, 'tis not so bereft :
Th' Amusement Club was rife of life,
With bachelor, damsel, man and wife
Who greeting one another, bow'd,
And formed in sets, a polished crowd.

As entering guests advanced in style,
Her Highness tendered gracious smile,
Shook hands, and said some pleasing word,
The chord of social pleasure stirr'd.
Then followed tea, delicious cake.
At separate tables—*tête-a-tête*—
Flow'd cheerful, pleasant platitudes,
In which no word of harm intrudes.
Nice sweets and tempting things so woo'd,
That all soon felt in best of mood.

When prince, princesses ask your need,
From guest to guest adjoin, proceed,
And tea-desires are all appeased,
How *could* one help but feel well-pleased,
And honoured too? The Hostess, ay,
A Ruling Prince's Consort high !—
Selected music played in style,
Our ears with blissful sounds begnile ;
Till all their appetites had stayed,
And Rinkers thronged, in skates arrayed.

* 10th November, 1905.

Time flies. His Highness clears the floor
 And ranges each competing corps.
 The "Rink Gymkhana" now begins,
 By "Spearing through fixed curtain rings,"
 Miss *A.* with sliding, speeding spin,
 Made sharp and certain, easy win.——*
 "'Twixt bottles, shunned at flying speed ;"
 Prince *B. C.* did the clever deed.
 To circumvent these bottles near,
 Required extra skill to clear.

"Chairs Musical," we now arrange,
 Their occupants arise, exchange.
 The Band begins a lively air,
 But sudden stops. Now ! fill each chair.
 Quick ! seat yourselves, in haste, and proper ;
 Ah, look ! some one's come down, a flopper !
 Miss *D.* and *E. F.* stayed till last ;
 The music ceased as th' first Miss past,
 The latter therefore filled the seat,
 And luckily the former beat.

The "Egg and Spoon Race" then was run,
 Which caused amusement, spilling-fun :
 Miss *G. H.* spooned the egg, and won.
 The "Ladies' three-lap handicap,"
 Was lost through some slight, skate-mishap ;
 Princess *I. J. K.* must have won
 Had not Miss *L. M.* past her spun !
 "Potatoes dropped in buckets" fleet,
 Craved skill and care to do it neat ;
 These Mr. *N.* displayed complete.

* *The names of the winners, interwoven with the verses of the 1st Edition, have now been omitted, and the letters consecutively of the alphabet substituted ; but are given together at the bottom of next page.*

The single capital letters in italics need a slight stress or accent.

"Beginners' Race," a scurry true
 Was won by Captain *O. P. Q.*
 'Twas but the previous evening, he
 Became a rinking devotee.
 Some fellows fine, can do a thing,
 'Fore others lift the rising wing.
 The "Gents' close Handicap" then sped,
 Soon Mr. *R. S.* forged a-head :
 This proved a dashing, striding run,
 It came the last ; the Sports were done !

His Highness sharp, to call the Winners,
 Begins of course with smart "Beginners."
 Her Highness hands the prizes then,
 To ladies fair and lithesome men,
 Who did the "Egg and Spoon" combine,
 Their Tilting, Chairing, Bottling fine,
 Potato Potting, sans a spill,
 And Handicaps, and Rinking skill.

* * * *

"*Three rousing cheers Her Highness give !*"
 "HIP, HIP, HURRAH ! For ever live !"
 "*Another for His Highness now !*"—
 My goodness ! what a splendid row !
 The roof was thought to shake and crack,
 Huge, swelling sounds made such attack !—
 His Highness *who* can pass, transcend ?
 Your Highnesses, our thanks we tend !

—: o :—

*A. Miss Orr.	I. Princess Protiva (Cooch Behar)
B. Prince Victor (Cooch Behar).	L. Miss Prothero.
D. Miss Warne.	N. Mr. Choke.
E. }	O. Captain J. G. Whish.
G. } „ Jewitt.	R. Mr. Acland.

* These index letters are the first of each set in the verses.

GARDEN PARTY, GOVERNMENT HOUSE

On the First of October,
Smart Darjeeling moved over,
To the Shrubbery mound,*
With its emerald ground ;
To Our Ruler, quite new,
To say, *How do you do ?*
Then to pass along through,
The gay throng's avenue.

(1906.)

Here assembled to-day,
To observe the display,
Those who'd first ta'en a look
At his Visitors' Book ;
With "J" pen written name
And address, so became
On the Visiting List,
At this fête to assist.

So, to honour His Honor,
From His Honor get honour.
By reflected State light,
Feel important and bright ;
Then beside *Shamiana*,
Glance at elbow *dustana*,
Note the sleeves with wide frills,
Like reversed daffodils'.

(Reception tent.)

(Gloves.)

(Then the fashion.)

The spread tables to see,
And partake cup of tea ;
Gaze around, and survey
The gay, brilliant array ;
Then in praise with neat phrase,
Make a brief paraphrase ;
And iambic essay,
Something more to portray.—

* The Shrubbery was the former name of Government House and grounds.

Such Garden Party, all must know,
 Could only *from* His Honor flow.
 Without observing, one perceived,
 Each guest was cordially received.
 The Maharaja Cooch Behar,
 Had sent State Band to give *éclat* ;
 Its playing always charms the ear,
 With dulcet intonations clear.

The cadence sweet of melody,
 Just balanced true the harmony,
 Increased, diminished, swelled and blent
 Most perfect with th' accompaniment.
 The soloists with tone intense,
 Were eloquent of confidence ;
 Th' composers' signs and marks their guide ;
 Success by unity their pride.

But now, as it is getting late,
 And one should not much longer wait ;
 GOD SAVE THE KING is heard, then all
 Know well the end has come ; so call
 Their rickshaws, ponies, dandy-men,
 Get in, or mount with pleasure, then—
 Say first, *Good-bye*, with courteous mien—
 And so, with thanks, depart the scene.

HER LADYSHIP'S "AT HOME."

" MUSIC. "

To her Ladyship's Musical, grand " At Home," *
 In festooned Durbar Hall, all were pleased to roam,
 And to bow to the Hostess and Host, His Honor,
 Who both *looked* in prime health, so we thank the Donor.
 When the guests had arrived, they were seated round,
 And awaited the " Broadwood " piano's sound,
 Which was brought out with skill, in "*Am Genfer See*."
 'Twas tall A. A. B. C. D. who touched each key. †

From "*Recitative*" *aria*, chimed not long,
 Had been cut, it was thought, the succeeding song,
 Adumbration is good, of a vocal king,
 Emulation is wise, when like such, we sing ;
 So, "*So wahr die Sonne scheint* ; and yet one more,
 " A Hungarian Melody." Troubadour,
 In E. F. was discovered, of voice, full, strong,
 That progressed with rare vigour, and swept along.

Then, G. H.'s " Good-Bye ! " Tosti's masterpiece ;
 Was well sung with calm dignity sans caprice.
 I. J. K. L. sang stylish, some witching theme,
 That well showed her style's beauty and power supreme.
 Old Khayyám's quartrain lines named "The Persian Garden,
 Were proficiently toned by fair Mrs. M. N.
 Who the hopes of all men, sung soft, *sotto voce*,
 Aggrandizing, were poured forth *amore dolce*. ‡

* 25th October, 1906.

† The separate *italic* capitals need accenting.—
 For names see bottom of next page.

‡ " The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face.
 Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone."

Now with bonnie Scotch Airs the Miss O. P's fame
 Was exalting. Obliging, to please, their aim ;
 They had *just* broken into a Highland Fling,
 When with *click* snapped the ribboned guitar's first string.
 So they stopped for a time, but quite soon the maid
 Had adjusted another, and sweetly play'd.
 Pealed forth blithe Annie Laurie and Banks and Braes,
 With a sequence of other delightful lays.

Neologic, Jan's Courtship, from Songs of the West,
 With provincial *patois*, Q. R. S. won the crest ;
 And encore gave, " I love you in velvet "—plush
 I'm *Lord Gushington* ; " *Dash it !* " I love to gush.—*
 'Twas the End ! so the Anthem, loud played, rung out.
 Then refreshments partaken of, staved off drought.
 Now, Good Night ! *Au revoir*, drink at door, re-array,
 And say thanks to her Lady ship.—Home, straight away!

—: o :—

-
- A. Mrs. A. Stafford, a Visitor.
 - E. Mr. A. Earle, I.C.S. (Now Sir Archdale Earle.)
 - G. Miss Wearing, daughter of a Planter.
 - I. Mrs. Evans, a Visitor.
 - M. Mrs. Newton, wife of the Rector of St. Paul's School.
 - O. Misses Franklin, daughters of Colonel Franklin, R.A.M.C.
 - Q. Major Haig, R.E.

* The character "Q" played in "The Girl behind the Counter," and its pet phrase, "*Dash it.*" See page 44, footnote ; and page 48, 5th last line.

DARJEELING SKY RACES.

(THREE DAYS' SPORT).

FIRST DAY.

Our RACES started well, FIRST DAY,
Two-Thirty P.M., 8th of May. (1906.)
FIRST RACE.—Two laps ; the "NOVICE STAKES,"
Brought out two frisky wide-awakes,
And *Captain Whish's* "Constellation,"
Sharp winning, made the first sensation.

The SECOND RACE.—"KAKINA SCURRY,"
Three heats, ran off in rapid hurry.
No weighing, quitting seat of saddle,
Thrice round the course, like steamboat's paddle,
Flew *A. A. Price's* horse "Geebung ;"
First past the post, thrice bounding sprung.
Three others—"Piggy," "Nelly," "Mabel,"
Tried hard to win, but proved unable ;
Their owners,—*Liddell, Wood* and *Jones*.—
About the latter "make no bones ;"
Trust him, he's sound as Portland stones.—
The winning owner, *Mr. Price*,
Is always social, pleasant, nice.—
His stables show horse-paradise.—

"LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S CUP."—THIRD RACE
Australians, Arabs, C.-B.'s, brace
And show a fine exciting chase.
Miss Shillingford, equestrian brave,
Her pet "Gazelle" did well behave,
And came in romping like a boy,
To prance to scales, the lady's joy.
"Mignon," "Bell'donna," "Nelly Ray,"
And "Fairyland," bestirred the fray ;
Their owners, *Galstoun, G. B. Cresswell*,
Jones, Thomas, all are known to guess well. (As to winners.)

FOURTH RACE.—Well named the “ LHASA PLATE ”
 Was won by “ Lhasa,” moderate,—
 Though bearing extra heavy weight !—
 No other horse had slightest chance ;
 Tis truth without extravagance.
 “ Bhutan,” and “ Paddy ” “ Little Tich,”
 “ Chukmuk,” and “ Tiger,” got a *stitch* !
 And realising hopeless case,
 Each struggled hard for *second* place.

FIFTH RACE.—“ THE (late) FRED. ARCHER PLATE ”
 For licensed *tats*, by Magistrate, (*Ponies.*)
 Within Cantonment A-Lebong.
 WEST RIDINGS rode the greatest throng.
 Dare-devil soldiers up, no caps,
 Nor spurs or whips :—the course two laps.
 Away they sped along, ding-dong ;
 The race a spell for swift and strong.
 We know ’tis found in every case,
 The speeding pace that tests the race.

SIXTH RACE.—“ THE STEWARDS’ PLATE,” a *sell*,
 Saw three, as well as sleek “ Gazelle.”
 “ Ping Pong ” a class above the rest,
 Had therefore not to do its best.—
 Besides, “ Gazelle ” and proud “ Geebung,”
 Had raced and won, of this we’ve sung.
La “ Belladonna’s ” had her day,
 When young she tripped a belle to sway.

SEVENTH RACE.—A weight for inches run
McCall’s smart start the race begun ;
 And keeping close beside the course,
 Brought “ Dolly ” round, the winning horse !
 Swift “ Playful ” tried his best to pass,
 But failed, though better horse, alas !
 An excellently ridden race ;
 And one that would *Tom Cannon* grace.
 ’Twas sheer good riding saved being passed
 For, surely “ Dolly ” ran out-classed ;

"Blue Bell," dear girl, though hard to say,
 No match was she for "Nelly Ray ;"
 And "Paradox" could *not* so spin,
 This "COOCH BEHAR CUP" prize to win.

EIGHTH RACE.—A "SELLING RACE," found three,
 Including *L. C. Daunt's* "Dugree,"
 And *Captain Whisk's* "Lady Kit,"
 And *Galstaun's* "Fairyland" to whit.
 The "Lady Kit" would skit, perform,
 And "Fairyland" was out of form.
 The first, "Dugree," romped in with glee.
 The mounting proved a sight to see :
 His *syce* cried loud, "Dugree !"—"Dugree !"
 But might have bawled himself quite hoarse,
 And not have stayed the frightened horse.
McCall clung fast, at last sprung on ;
 Plied spurs, and passing, soon was gone.
 This ended well First Day's Eighth Race.
 So then our roads back home we trace.

SECOND DAY.

The SECOND DAY, the 10th of May,
 Five horses started this affray.
 FIRST RACE.—"CHOWRASTA HANDICAP"
 Was won by "Constellation" slap !
 Ran also *Edwards's* "No Trumps,"
 Besides his "Biddy" seized with dumps ;
 And *Thomas's* "Miss Thomas" belle,
 With *Price's* "Letty Lind" as well.

The "HURLINGHAM VASE," the SECOND RACE,
 Was won by "Mabel's" speedy pace.
 "Geebung" ran well, but far too wide
 Fat "Piggy" galloped more inside,
 Out-classed was "Nelly's" lesser stride.

THIRD RACE.—“ A HIMALAYAN PURSE,”
 'Twas thought “ Ping Pong ” would straight it nurse ;
 But being weighted, stayed its spin,
 “ Dugree ” so, romping, cantered in.

FOURTH RACE.—“ THE REGIMENTAL PLATE.”
 Three laps exhaust, whate'er the weight ;
 And “ Meeta ” that can speed away,
 Unlike fat “ Piggy,” cannot stay :
 The third lap showed in front a bay.
 'Twas *Jones's* horse, fleet “ Nelly Ray.”

FIFTH RACE.—“ TIBET STAKES,” Bhutia scud,
 “ Chukmuk ” took *Metcalf* down the *khud* ! (*Declivity.*)
Miss Keble's pony, “ Pretty Boy,”
 Some light-weight would have been his toy.
 Nine stone was found a *killing* freight ;
 He should but carry seven stone eight !
 You “ Pretty Boy,”—young lady's joy ;
 What pity boy, to so annoy
 And bolt away to stables right,
 To give your *top-weight* stygian fright.
 He had no *rider*, that we'll bet,
 A “*top-weight*” loon, could only get !
 Strong “ Paddy ” romped home, not a hitch.
 Close strode fierce “ Tiger ”—“ Little Tich : ”
 “ Chukmuk ” came last, from out the ditch !

*

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†

SEVENTH RACE.—Now on, “ THE CURIO CUP.”
 Six riders mounting, soon were up :
 But “ Playful ” had them all *on toast*,
 So frisk he passed the winning post.
 Bay “ Nelly Ray ” was favourite ;
 But somehow did not show her grit.
F. H. O'Donoghue's “ Blue Bell,”
 Was somewhere—nowhere, who could tell ?
 It may have gone, like big “ Chukmuk,”
 A-hunting of the flying duck !

† The *Copy* of the Sixth Race was lost in the press, at the time.

EIGHTH RACE.—“ COMMISSIONER’S CUP.”—Look—see
 The favourite runs, *L. Daunt’s* “ Dugree,”
 And though in front made snort and snarl,
 The race was won by “ *La Cigale* ;”
 This great *grasshopper*, hopped in through ;
 Which shows quite plain what strength can do.
 “ Geebung ” ran near, a good third too.
 This closed the Racing Second Day ;
 And then for home, all sped away.

THIRD DAY.

THIRD DAY, a pleasant Saturday,
 The last day’s Races, 12th of May.
 FIRST RACE.—“ THE CARLTON CUP.” Install !
 “ Geebung ” well won it,—up *McCall*.

“ THE GARRISON STAKES,” the SECOND RACE.—
 Found three fine horses all in place,
 Their owners up, and they were able.
 The horse in first, was *Liddell’s* “ Mabel.”
 The other riders round the *dish*,
 Were *Captains Wilson—J. G. Whish* ;
 Their horses “ Playful,”—“ Constellation,”
 Can’t *always* win,—some consolation !

“ THE EVEREST STAKES,” THIRD RACE.—What luck
 Small “ Pretty Boy ” and big “ Chukmuk ? ”
 The “ Boy,” played truant, whilst the horse
 Went bounding half way round the course :
 By thus committing wilful sin,
 Both forfeited their chance to win,
 And *Roland’s* “ Paddy,” rollicked in.—
 Had “ Tiger ” not been ridden worst.
 ’Tis thought he must have come in first.

FOURTH RACE.—“ THE RAILWAY STAKES ” Good heaven !
 A thrilling race for horses seven.
Bowes Wilson's “ Playful ” topped by owner,
 Flew past the others like an ogre.
 For spurting game, with sporting gush,
 Dashed past the post, in tearing rush.

FIFTH START.—“ THE CONSOLATION RACE.”
 “ Mignon ” for *Thomas*, made the pace.
 The horse was beautifully ridden :
McCall does right, nor needs be bidden,
 'Twas thought “ Bell'donna ” would have won
 Had jockey coaxed the horse to run ;
 But *that's a secret* helps the fun ?

Now came the grand “ Darjeeling Derby. ”
 All owners up, to make them hardy :
 No less than fourteen made the start !
 Some close and others wide apart.—
 The terms were framed at dread midnight,
 Within the Club, without a light !*—
 Regardless as to age or height,
No jostling, hustling, flying start,
Nor spurs or whips to torture, smart ;
Advantage-starters all go back,
And make a second better tack.
 The fourteen *ups*, in rolled shirt-sleeves,
 A motley throng, our throng perceives.
A. Price on eager big “ Grand Slam,”
 Went off with speed, like telegram,
 And he and horse romped in, *real jam* !

* The Card of the Races stated that this Derby was planned a mid-night just before the Committee broke up and left the Club.

Regarding Riders, all were good ;
 And some had nerves like fibrous wood.
McCall, fresh, wiry, thin and tall,
 Was jockey, head of nearly all ;
 But best was he who never joggles,
 Spare *Mr. Galstaun*, using goggles.
Lithe Metcalfe, wearing helmet gray,
 As rider made a good display.
 Young *Manley*, manly every inch,
 A light-weight fine, at urgent pinch.
 These four above ; as good as pros.,
 This every one could see and kno's ;
 But *Captain Wilson's* scarlet cap,
 For real close winning, got best clap ;
 And *Captain J. G. Whish*, 'tis true,
 As rider, made a grand *début*.
Skilled Mr. Shillingford, the Starter,
 No one could be more sound, or smarter.
 Misfortunate, he made no win,
 A most surprising, striking thing.
Mackenzie, always active, well,
 Sped-up the riders, rang the bell !

The Band played music, one's delight,—
 And by-the-way, no oversight,
 Our Concert-Play that's *on* to-night.
 Will lift the Band-Fund cheering height.
 "Old Gooseberry," one may here acclaim
 Is sure to bring the players fame.
 All ought to spring, and see the sho^l,
 And make the Band-Fund upwards go.
 "Old Gooseberry," each should patronise.
 It may be *champagne* in disguise !
 We're going to go, if all goes well,
 Not going though, the fun to tell ;
 And as the paper's brimming full,
 It's begged our muse be merciful,
 And cut the Race account as short,
 As Cæsar's victory curt report !
 So now we've done as score did ask,
 And finished off the rhythmic task.*

* The author was asked by the Race Committee to write a rhymed report for the local paper. (*Mr. A. A. Price of Singamari, knows of this.*)

The Prizes, passed by *Mrs. Slacke*,—
 Cost just one-hundredth part a lac,—
 The kind Distributor was quick,
 And did the business politic.
 For her, the Meeting gave three cheers,
 That might have split the hemispheres !
 Our Ruler new, Bengal's *Big Gun*,
 Was present, seeing sport and fun ;
 For him, we also gave three cheers,—
 That swamped our eyes with joyful tears ;—
 Now *having* done the proper thing,
 West RIDINGS !* play,

GOD SAVE THE KING.

—:O:—

* The (33rd) 1st Battalion, Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, then stationed at Lebong. See footnote page 100.



A TIBETAN BUDDHA.

The Buddha, in sheet brass, is holding a dorjé with the two centre fingers of the right-hand. A skull bowl rests in the left. The crozier bears on its staff a trinity trident, three skulls, a pair of wings, and a triple cross !

DARJEELING CURIOS!

Darjeeling Curios consist almost wholly of personal ornaments, jewellery, weapons, religious articles, and human bones!

Sikkim wet, Nepal, Tibet,—
 Hills that nondescripts beget,—
 Come from these our curios,
 Demon masks, and dominoes,
 Kukries, knives, sword, shield, and spear, 1
 Flagons strange for *Murwa* beer,
 Snuff-horns, bows, snow-leopard skins,
 Scissors-daggers, pipes, and pins,
 Butterflies in cases square,
 Books of ferns and mosses rare,

Bronzes fierce, half lizard—lion,
Chorten models brass and iron, 2
 Book-rests, tinder-purses small,
 Amulets, and charms for all,
 Coloured hand-wove *purdahs* long, 3
Peeroo, head-plates, nose-rings strong, 4
 One-shell-bracelets, chatelaines,
 Amber necklets, girdle chains,
 Turquoise ear-drops long and wide
 Set in silver Bhutia's pride.

Holy oil-pots, mystic things,
 Oil-spoons, wine-horns, silver rings,
 Six feet trumpets, shrines supreme,
 Fire-box cones for spurting steam,
 Rosaries of nut-shells old, 5
 Worship gewgaws gilt and gold,

1. A kukri is a Nepalese short sword-knife, kept in a scabbard. It is the national weapon of the Ghooraks, which they all carry in their kummerbund-belts; and is a kind of hybrid weapon, something between a narrow *billhook* and a large carving knife.

2. A *Chorten* is a built up, monumental-kind of Tibetan tomb.

3. *Purdahs* are curtains or screens.

4. *Peeroo* are the red, cherry-like, band of balls that adorn a Tibetan woman's headdress.

5. Father Rubruquis, who travelled to Mongolia, in the thirteenth century, wrote of the Lamas in 1253 :—"All the priests have with them

Chalices, monk's begging-bowls,	
<i>Mani</i> -stones for <i>unctuous</i> souls,	6
Bo Trees gilt for altar-pieces,	
Praying near them care surceases.	7
Sacred banners, gongs, and bells,	8
Altar lamps, <i>Dorjés</i> , conch-shells,—	9
Blown like horns 'mid prayer and psalm,—	
Buddhas squatting crossed-legged calm,	
Judgment pictures, shovel-hats,	10
Incense burners, praying mats,	
Holywater vessels quaint,	
Throned in gilt a Buddhist saint,	
Tridents Trinity, and seals,	11
Charm-boxes, and praying-wheels.	

a string, with a hundred or two hundreds nutshells thereon, much like our beads which we carry about with us."

6. A *Mani* is a Praying wheel or anything upon which the Tibetan universal prayer, is seen: *Om Mani Padmi Houm*. See footnote 17 to "The Tashi-Lama" poem. (Page 95.)

7. The Bo Tree is the particular tree, now sacred, under which Buddha sat, near Gya, in Bengal, and obtained Nirvana.

8. As early as 1641, the Jesuit Father John Grueber visited Lhasa, and recorded that the Lamas wore caps and mitres, and that they used rosaries, bells, and censers.—*Edmund Candler*. "The Unveiling of Lhasa." Chapter xiv. (1905.)

9. A *Dorjé* is a kind of small double sceptre, on a short bar, about 4 inches long, cast in bronze, known as a thunderbolt; which the Tibetan priest holds between the sceptres with his two centre fingers during Divine Service.

"In The Golden Temple at Sera, a couple of miles from Lhasa, is preserved the famous *Dorjé* of Buddha, *i.e.*, the *Vajra* or thunderbolt (of Indra properly) or Adamant, the symbol of the strong and indestructible, which the priest grasps and manipulates in various ways during prayer." Encly. Brit., 9th Ed. Article, "Lhasa."

10. The Lamas, who accompanied the Tashi-Lama to India, wore broad brimmed hats.

"The Buddhist priests in Kunawar (near Tibet) are dressed in scarlet with a cap like a biretta. The Lamas all wear rosaries. The general arrangement of the little hill temple (at Kunawar) is curiously like that of a Roman Catholic Church; there are divers small altars, with images of saints and vases of flowers, and incense burning before each image. All round the walls are mythological pictures."—*C. F. Gordon Cumming*. "In the Himalayas" (Chapter xvii. 1884.)

11. All the Lamas I met were clad in red robes with girdles, and were shaven, with bare feet and head, or mitred; they wore rosaries, some had staves, and one a trident on a long staff, an emblem of the Buddhist Trinity, which represent Boodha, Dharma and Sunga.—*Sir Joseph Hooker*. "Himalayan Journals." 1855.

Temple stoup, libation jug,
 Dragon-dogs with noses pug,
 Altar cloths, thumbed, long prayer-books,
 Incense-sticks, and bishops' crooks,
 Crozier gilt that wings bedeck,
 Crosses, skulls adown its neck !
 Praying flags trite Scriptures wave,
 Th' Evil One from men to save,
 Painted scrolls show demons nigh,
 Devil-daggers make them fly !

12

Cimbals, bone-rings huge for thumbs,
 Arrows, quivers, skull-made drums !
 Faces brass with mouths wide thrust,
 Shaped for holding human dust !
 Lotus flowers supporting thrones,
 Aprons made from human bones !
 Beads from women's ribs ! and then
 Begging bowls from skulls of men !
 Human thigh-bone trumpets queer !
 Gruesome relics such are here !

Curios, thuribles for show,
 Curios, credence tables low,
 Curios, yaks' tails, monks' waist ropes,
 Curios, mitres, cowls, and copes,
 Curios, mongrels made to fright,
 Curios, gimcracks brought to light,
 Curios, Buddhs with outspread knees,
 Curios, blest for devotees,
 Curios, prized to hold and plead,
 Curios, saints to intercede.

12. Devil-daggers are cast in brass, bronze, or copper ; blade and haft in one piece, about eight inches long. The blade is triangular and not sharp. The handle has a *Dorjé* (sceptre-like) head. It is kept inside the house, or carried about ; and having been blessed by a Lama, is a charm to ward off evil spirits.

Curios, crude of mystic creeds,
Curios, medals, relics, beads,
Curios, each for *few* rupees,
Curios, purchase at your ease,
Curios *here* a fair display,
Curios, buy and take away,
Curios, worn to bring God-speed,
Curios, curious indeed !
“ Curios ” Reader, kind good-day,

Yours most truly,

J. A. K.

THE TASHI-LAMA.*

(HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE OF TIBET.)

The narrative of Friar Odorico (1330), speaking of the chief and royal city of Tibet, says, "In that city dwelleth the Abrassi, *i.e.*, in their tongue the pope." Ency. Brit., 9th Ed., Article "Lhasa."

The Tashi-Lama, Buddh.'s high priest,—
 With Lamas grave, a score at least,
 Accompanying their Pontiff, Bo !—
 Came Wednesday last, in gold *chapeau*.
 The banner-men, high pray'r-flags flew,
 Whilst trumpeters, huge trumpets blew,
 With drummers, drumming to appal,
 And gongers, gonging ; one and all,
Musicians, crowd, the followers' row,
 Made one weird discord *anyhow* !

His priests, rich yellow stoles displayed,
 With ear-drops, turquoise long, that swayed ;
 And some had pouches full of chattels,—
 That every movement stirs and rattles,—
 Were mounted well, on shaggy *tats*,
 With tasselled, low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats :
 O'Connor, Captain, 'mid the mob,
 Bestrode a stylish, mettled cob,
 Made things run pleasant all he could,
 Whate'er they said he understood.

* The Tashi-Lama visited India, *via* Sikkim, and arrived at Darjeeling, 29th November 1905, to view the pilgrimage places of Buddhism.

1. It was the Bodhi or Bo Tree, now sacred, under which Prince Gautama Sakya Muni (The Buddha) sat, near Gya, and obtained Nirvana.

2. Ponies. For cardinal-like hats, see Note 10, page 88.

3. Political Officer, Sikkim.

Raj Kumar Sikkim, near him rode, 4
 To honour Tashi *a-la mode* :
 Who came along behind this pair,
 In spectacles, young, *debonnair* ;
 His robe bright yellow silk discloses.
 Two priests had *sanctimonious* noses ;
 Few such, make such a *long* alignment,
 Or show such *breadth* of *priest-refinement* !
 In yellow these behind career ;
 And last a mule and muleteer. (A remount.)

Then all the tag-rag Bhutia muster, 5
 Swarmed after, through the roped Chowruster, 6
 Straight down the slope to " Woodlands' Branch," 7
 Where through the gates they crowding launch ;
 But Tashi-Lama disappeared ;
 And then the Goorkhas interfered,— 8
 Soon cleared the garden, spic and span ;
 Without the gates the rabble ran ;
 Their waited till the Tashi's *tat* (Pony.)
 Was led forth toilworn, white and fat.

Then dash was made to feel his tail,
 And touch his reins or martingale ;
 To smooth his coat, or feel his nose.
 And *if* he had them *kiss his toes* !
 The livelong day the mob unclean ; 9
 Devoutly waited, keen to glean
 A look at Tashi's saintly yellow,
 And view his visage, smooth and sallow ;
 They stood till darkness closed the scene ;
 But Tashi-Lama stayed unseen.

4. The Heir Apparent.

5. Bhutia is a general term, like European, for all the semi-Mongols of Darjeeling, Sikkim, Nepâl, and Bhutân.

6. The central open space of Darjeeling. See Note 7, page 22.

7. Hotel.

8. Goorkha police.

9. The Bhutias do not trouble to wash themselves. The chill of the hills does not entice to bathing.



THE TASHI LAMA.

“His Holiness—a holy man,—
Smooth, attitudinarian ;
Upraised on improvised, silk throne,
Sat calm, complaisant, all alone.”

Page 93, stanza 1.

Next day he gave an audience long ;
 Darjeeling's proletariat *strong*,
 Assembled full of zeal and fun,
 To kneel before him one by one.
 His Holiness—a holy man,—
 Smooth, attitudinarian ;
 Upraised on improvised, silk throne,
 Sat calm, complaisant, all alone.
 The incense censers sway in chains,
 While bowed in prayer he rapt remains.

The Sacred Cup he then prepared,
 Which after, with his Lamas shared.
 Its lustre gleamed from purest gold,
 The wine the choicest, cup could hold !
These Lamas *kow-tow'd*, prostrate, low ;
 Were blessed,—and then began the show,—
 This bowing down extravagance,
 Is consonance of ignorance,
 But what their cult instructs to do :
 So mercy *will* be shown them, true !—

10

His suite then formed in double file,
 And passed the pilgrims down the aisle ;
 Arriving near their great High Priest,
 Whose forehead faced the Mystic East,
 They dumped them low on bended knees,
 As quick as they could down them squeeze.
 He flicked their heads with strokes, just so !
 So blessed, renascent, off they go.
 His ribboned *chourie*, up and down,
 Just touched each sinner's oily crown.

11

10. "I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief."—
 1 Timothy i. 13.

11. A chourie is a whisk, for keeping off flies. It has a handle, about 15 inches long, with a yak's tail or bunch of horse hair fixed on at one end. The Tashi-Lama's chourie, had instead of hair, narrow strips of silk with Scriptures, Prayers and Benedictions written upon them.

Some dull, aged, stiff-kneed, slow-coach drones,
 Who wished to rest their marrow-bones,
 Awaiting more of Tashi's thong,
 Were hustled out among the throng.
 At last the last had passed along,
 To recommence *less right than wrong* !
 To silver donors every one
 He gave a Sacred Thread hand-spun,
 Five thousand bodies *in* had striven ;
 Five thousand souls passed *out* forgiven !

The crowd was extra *strong*, you know,
 The smell a pungent, stinging flow !
 Once outside clear, to breathe fresh air ;
 Such holy host one *must* forswear.
 Throughout the ages, sanctity
 Has been allied with dirt, *on dit*.
 Unkempt each hermit devotee,
 Companions animalculæ,
 Has had by scores, in creeping corps,
 Well ambushed, vile conspirators !
 'Tis only now that " Cleanliness
 (In grade) is next to godliness."
 The former cannot sway too much,
 The latter all should firmly clutch.

'Tis writ, the Saviour had no bed,	
Nor resting place to lay His head,	12
No servant's help, or settled home,	
Nor scrip, coin, towel, brush or comb ;	13
But weary trod from town to town,	
And <i>on</i> a well, to rest, sat down.	14

12. "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."—Luke ix. 58.

13. "Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses. Nor scrip for your journey."—Matthew x. 9, 10.

14. "Then cometh he to a city of Samaria,.....Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being weary with his journey, sat thus on the well : and it was about the sixth hour."—John iv. 5, 6.

His converts some, for thousand years,
 Considered, so it now appears,
 Like Him, no coin or soap should own ;
 And lead their lives unwashed alone ! 15
 Their kind are seen in India still,
 Whose flesh is racked to please the will ;
 Great Heaven they think to thus cajole,
 The body kill to save the soul ! 16

Not so His Holiness, I ween,
 Tibet's High Pontiff priest supreme ;
 Whose holy wisdom—fervent zeal,
 Brought out the crowd, to humbly kneel.
 A lot wore mascots, charms and bones ;
 Whilst others showed neat *Mani*-stones, 17
 Some altar-vessels too stood there,
 With begging-bowls for cash to spare !
 These human skulls ! were filled with ease,
 And filled again the more to please :

15. "What *can* be the reason that in all ages and in all faiths the odour of sanctity seems to have been identified with unspeakable filth? Really, to read the lives of the old Christian Saints, and see what stress is laid on their unwashed clothes, and personal filth, their matted hair, never even combed, their nails like talons, their garments a sort of menagerie for all manner of creeping things, does make one marvel at such strange developments of the religious life."

C. F. Gordon Cumming. "In the Himalayas."

16. "Deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved.....Purge out therefore the old leaven."—1 Corinthians v. 5 and 7.

17. A "*Mani*" is a Praying-Wheel, a flag, a stone, a boulder or cliff, etc., upon which the Tibetan universal prayer "*Om Mani Padmi Houm*" is marked, which is an invocation to Lokeshvará, the Lord of the world. The words literally, *Great God the Jewel in the Lotus*, give no true idea of their idiomatic, sanctified meaning. A free translation would read thus:—*Great God! enlarge the Holy Jewel of Thy Spirit in our hearts. Amen.* Or closer to the idiom, Great God the Gem (*Saviour*) in the lotus (world), enlarge, etc. Their Saviour Buddha, is the Heaven-gone Messiah of the Buddhist Church. "*OM*," is The Great Intelligence, the Only, the Absolute. "*OM*" of the Tibetans and Hindus approaches the great "*I AM*" of the Bible ; but in their idea, *OM* reaches far beyond, and means very much more. Their *OM* they feel to be the great FIRST CAUSE, not in human form or a Heavenly Father in any sense ; but the Almighty, Unspeakable, Universal Power ! which, like eternity, beginning, infinity, and unending space, is beyond man's conception or comprehension. Christians have the word *OM*, blended in The Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and Omniscient.

A clamped, strong box with double keys,
 Was brimful soon with gift rupees.
 This cash, how fine to buy with, smash,
 Such mascots, saints, charms, relics, trash !

But what of *those* in Heaven's blest zone
 We shape ourselves, from wood and stone ?
 And Agnus Dei, angels, saints,—
 To whom the Churches tender plaints ?—
 Trite Texts we chant and priests intone,
 That match "*Om Mani Padmi Hone.*"
 Blest "I. H. S." on altar screen,
 Above th' "*Apostles' Creed*" is seen ;
 Whilst Scripture verse our chancels grace,
 The *Ten Commandments* find a place ;
 And altar-vessels too we use,
 For Sacred Bread and Bless'd Chartreuse.
 Collection-plate, our money holds,
 What need to dub such "begging bowls ?"

Had <i>our</i> dear parents Truth ne'er known,	18
And <i>we</i> as Buddh's Tibetans grown,	
Then <i>we'd</i> have shown Buddhistic zeal,	
Our <i>Padres</i> turned the Praying-Wheel !	19
For nought we cling to, so 'tis said,	
Like that by which we get our bread !	
If Christians held the creed of Jews,	
No doubt the Word we should abuse.	20
Mosaic laws would hold us fast ;	
No Church on earth could break our caste.	
The creed in early life begun,	
Sways reason's bent till life is done !	
Like bulldog's grip, by seizing spring,	
To faith or fetish, fast we cling.	

18. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—John xiv. 6.

19. A *Padre* is a priest, parson, clergyman of any kind, or missionary.

20. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."—John i. 1 and 14.

We know thee now, meek Tashi-Lama,
 Whose piety is that of Dharma ! 21
 The Pope of many-peopled lands,
 From Far Cathay to Lanka's sands ; (Ceylon.
 And thou, from thence to Japs' Far East,
 Art known as Buddha's great High Priest !
 Exemplary in life, from youth,
 Incomparable for love of truth ;
 Of Buddhist faith the orb, rosette,
 Supreme High Priest of high Tibet. 22
 As creeds all differ, what should guide ?
 Why that which will not men divide ;
 A universal brotherhood,
 Like Buddha taught and understood. 23

Exalted Pontiff, holy, sealed,
 " The Most Enlightened One " revealed ;
 With sapience born of former days ;— 24
 " Eternal Buddhism high ablaze ! "
 Thou *Tathagāta*, Tower of Wisdom ! 25
 And " Great in Truth ! " To India welcome !
 A life of holiness is thine ;
 And *thou* shalt see The Buddha's Shrine,
 The Bo Tree ! near to ancient Gya,
 Where Buddha sat, to bliss acquire ;
 And pondering deep, in dim *purana*, 26
 Obtained Eternal Rest—Nirvana !

21. The Word, or teaching of Buddha.

22. The famous explorer, Doctor Sven Hedin, writing from Shigatse Tibet, 22nd January 1907, said, the Tashi-Lama received him with kingly hospitality ; and is one of the most wonderful and sympathetic men he has ever met.—*Englishman*, Calcutta, 11th March 1907.

23. " Love all that liveth." " Love every creature with the heart of a mother." *The Teaching of Sakya Sinha, The Buddha.* " Hardy's Manual." Quoted from " The Religion of the Future." P. 25. By Hemendranath Sinha, B.A., Calcutta.

24. The Tashi-Lama is believed to be an Incarnation of Subhuti, the third great disciple of the Buddha, and also of Dhyani Buddha Amitavha, God of light. (" God is light."—1 John i. 5.)

25. *Tathagāta* (is Sanscrit, and) means Arrived at Truth, There gone, etc.

26. *Purana* (Hindustani), old or olden time, long ago, etc.

Mild Tashi-Lama, grace be yours !
 God crown your pious, Indian tours ;
 And may you through Tibetan land,
 Take choicest gift from Christian hand :
 The precious Secret of Success !
 To guide you, help you, comfort, bless ; 27
 Till painless comes life's ending kiss,
 Inheriting Eternal Bliss !
 Re-Incarnated, share above, (Reborn.)
 Heaven's blest Nirvana ! "God is love" (1 John iv. 8.)
 Good-bye !—Farewell !—We meet no more,
 Until we reach the Heavenly shore !

— : o : —

27 A beautifully printed and bound, ornately copy of the Christian Scriptures, in Tibetan, was sent to the Tashi-Lama, as a Souvenir of his visit to India, 1905-06, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, Calcutta Branch.

A GRAND MILITARY TATTOO.

1

The 25th of May, was fine,
 No movement in the air at nine.
 Darjeeling's world went out to view
 The Military, Grand Tattooó,
 And spread around the cricket ground, 2
 Where outdoor sport is chiefly found.
 As all passed on, they turned to gaze,
 At Durbar Hall's electric-blaze ;
 That won from each a word of praise. 3

At eight, four-five, a rocket flew ! (8.45 p.m.)
 Then soon began the Grand Tattooó !
 A quarter more, the bell struck nine ;
 Then Buglers dressed abreast in line,
 And sounded off the long " First Post ; "
 'Twas tongued aright, without a boast.
 The Bugles' thrilling tones outspoke,—
 Their echoes distant hills awoke,—
 And stirred *Pahâri* village folk ! (Hillmen.)

The Bugles, Band, Drums, Fifes, together,
 Made just a hundred players clever.
 The band discoursed grand, martial airs,
 As solos, trios, duo-pairs ;
 " The Merry Peasant," " Marseillaise,"
 With " Schubert's Serenade," a phrase
 And others, quite a naming maze.
 Then moved the mingling Torch-Light Drill
 Along the sandy, levelled hill.

1. Darjeeling, 25th May, 1906, by the 1st Battalion (33rd) Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, in aid of the Children's Ministering League.

2. Government House Sports Ground.

3. The installation of electric light in the Durbar Hall had only just been completed and was being tested that same evening.

The soldiers smartly paced the ground ;
 All movements made by whistle sound.
 The "Glow-Worm Drill," approached the *double*,
 The flaming *flambeau* gave no trouble.
 The RIDINGS reign WEST RIDINGS smart,
 And smartness plays a telling part.
 The "Glow-Worm" *name*, may be 'twas wrong ;
 Mistakes are made at A-Lebong
 When races there are run along.

4

But *we* must back to Tattoo go,
 And tell of soldiers' brands aglo' :—
 Arriving close beside the Band,
 They halt themselves, without command.
 Then move, in, out, and round-about,
 No indecision, wait, or doubt ;
 In double files, two lines advance,
 From ends of ground the torches prance ;
 All *well* thought out, nought left to chance.

The Band then played a Hunting Song ;
 Crescendo told the Meet grew strong.
 The men sang grandly "Riders, ho !"
 "A-hunting we will go ! — will go !"
 Then soon was heard the Huntsman's horn,
 Its clear sounds through the still air borne.
 "Yoo-oo ! Yoichs Ho ! Give chase ! Let go !"
 "The Fox has broken !" — "Tally ho !"
 And heads the hounds, its mortal foe.

4. The Regiment's barracks is at Lebong, called by the Hillmen A-Lebong. Its parade ground is the Darjeeling race-course.

The men now stamped like horses' pace ;
 And mimicked loud the dashing chase.
 " Bow-wow ! Bow-wow !" right through the slough,
 " *Ty-ike !* Bow-wow !" past grazing cow.
 " Bow-wow-wow ! " "*Pen and ink !* " " Bow-wow ! "
 'Twas thus the Soldiers, all avow,
 Sustained a merry, pleasing row ;
 Most dog-like too,—we hear it now !
 The crying, yelping yap, " Bow-wow ! "

As hounds' bark weakening, distant died,
 The Band, a softer tune supplied.
 The Soldiers sank on knee, to rest,
 'Mid phosphorescence manifest ;
 The tune toned down to solemn key,
 Whilst voices rose, " Abide with me."
 This chorus-hymn rang loud around ;
 And soon the Band-accompanying drown'd ;
 And then was heard the solo sound.

A verse, well known, was sung alone,
 A soldier's breath gave forth the tone,
 A tenor voice, sonorous, full,
 That sang the hymn quite beautiful.
 'Twas not a little hall to fill,
 But levelled top of high Birch Hill.
 The guests and everyone, allow,
 Without a single disavow,
 WEST RIDINGS' merit thankful bow.

Throughout was seen no indecision ;
 But military, apt precision ;
 And all the time, a rocket fine,
 Would now and then show fiery line,
 And whizzing o'er our heads below,
 Explode above, with bang ! and glow ;—
 But firework-flights were not the thing.—
 The " Last Post " blew out clear its ring,
 And then was played, GOD SAVE THE KING.

'Twas feared a wag might sound " Lights out !"
 And leave us muddled in a rout.
 But no, they kept the brands ablaze.
 And so illumed the settling haze ;
 Enabling all to find the road,
 Without disastrous episode !
 The surging crowd fast sped away.
 We mounted—passed—

Yours, *J. A. K.*

The Happy Valley.

Two-Five, May,

THE FINE ART EXHIBITION.

FIRST DAY.

Darjeeling's Fine Art Exhibition,
 Should yearly find a repetition ;
 'Twas opened 16th morn of May,
 And closed at close of Second Day.
 A splendid show, without a doubt,
 Displaying thought and taste throughout ;
 Most excellently well 'twas done,
 The greatest praise to every one
 Is due, for labour, zeal, and care,
 Awards and Commendations fair,—
 These verses now, can only tell
 Of what within our midst befell,
 To speak of all would take too long,
 Our own good folks must theme our song,

I

First, *Mrs. Newton's* "Morning-Mists."
 Had no blue mists antagonists,
 Excepting—yes, a misty-blue,
 Her own fine work, real, misty too ;
 The light illumining the Snows,
 Was just as each peak sometimes shows.
 The purchase price, on page of List
 Might well have stirred a pessimist.
 This *First Prize* picture still is here,
 No Fine Art judge would buy, that's clear.
 We did not mean to lose our name,
 But merit saved it, all the same ;
 And nought of art was there more high,
 Than "Morning Mists," that reach the sky.

2

The *Honourable Mr. Hare*,
 For Black and White,—that's dark and fair,—
 Gave fitting prize which helped the show,
 Commended one, is shown below :

3

Twas Music's "Saint Cecilia,"—
 As pleasing as "Bedelia,"—
 No other drawn from plaster-cast,
 Was hung or seen from first to last ;
 So *Mrs. F. A. Thompson's* art, 4
 Though *but* Commended, stands apart !
Miss Eva Peglar's Black and White. 5
 "Tobacco Shop," was quite all right.

The *Rector's* gift, "St. Paul's School Prize,"
 Was earned by careful exercise.
Miss Dorothy Smith's "Sweet Pea and Orchid," 6
 Was sent for fame, no ideas sordid :
 The Second Prize *Miss Hilliard* won, 6
 With *Pen-ink Sketches*, neatly done :
 Third Prize, *Miss Ager* took with ease, 6
 Her "Poppy," what could better please ?
 And *Miss M. Walsh's* pretty "Rose," 6
 Which much Commended, clearly shows,
 What *can* be done with fingers, wrists,
 To whit, "Rose," "Poppy," "Orchid," "Mists."

In oils, a "Landscape," *W. Judge*, 7
 Full meed of praise none feign would grudge.
 "Sea View, Torquay with Weather Clearing,"
 Fine work in oils, *Miss R. M. Wearing*. 8
F. H. O'Donoghue's, in oil, 9
 "Still Life," no doubt had cost some toil.
 "Tendong at Early Morning," good !
 Showed art, that *Mrs. Bompas* could. 10
Miss Nora Partridge's fine "Flowers," 11
 Commended were, and now she towers ;
 But *Hariballa's* "Indian Fruit," 12
 Walked off the prize to far Tirhoot.

Ralph Usher's wrinkled "Witch of Ghoom," 13
 For beating, left but little room.
 And *Mrs. Dunbar's* "Gold Sunflower," 14
 Proved golden taste and dainty power.
Miss Gourlay, E. who *could* gainsay 15
 Her rare christoleums fine array ?

But no one thought to *prize* the art,
 She so, must patient bear the smart.
 The paintings both on satin, silk,
 Where rich and smooth, as creamy milk.
Miss Ella Edwards, High Commended, 16.
 Was what we reckoned, apprehended.

The *Honourable Carlyle's* prize, 17
 "A Portrait Group," two forms comprise ;
 A real good pair-group, so it is,
 And one to like the more you quiz ;
 But truth to tell, and not splenetic,
 The right hand's posed like paralytic.
 This portrait nears photography's pith,
 Professional, *J. Burlington-Smith*. 18
A. Hefferen's type "Darjeeling Girl," 19.
 Was thought a photographic pearl.

The "View on Ringtong Tea Estate,"
 By *M. G. Jukes* was delicate ! 20
 "From Lopchoo Bungalow, Kinchinjunger,"
R. Mytton's photo. was a wonder: 21
 And "Murmuring Waters," *C. T. Weston*, 22
 A photo. fine, without a question.
R. Dunbar's "Sunset on the Snows," 23
 Fair camera knowledge plainly shows.
 For "On the way to (high) Phalut,"
 Our *Mr. Garrett* we salute. 24

His Grace, *Archbishop Meulemann* 25
 Gave two fair prizes, all might scan :
 The first, for fine *Art-Needlework*,—
 No art-adept was found to shirk.—
 To win it, needed human pearl,
 'Twas prized straight off to *Mrs. Earle*. 26.
 His Grace's other prize, *Drawn Thread*,
 Was won by one to India bred.
 An *Ayah* gained the prize by care,
 Our ladies glad her joy to share.

Of Needle-work, to write or speak,
 Would show our knowledge wanting, weak ;
 We might though tell of one or two,
 Between ourselves, just *entre nous*.
Miss Kuster's Japanese Wisteria, 27
 Was real fine art, delightful, worthier
 Than any scanned upon its stand,
 Yet did no word of praise command ;
 But *Mrs. Robertson's* "Commended," 28
 And Highly so, no doubt transcended.

R. Dunbar's Sketch-prize, not awarded, 29
 And so, this money-prize was hoarded.
 The *Honourable Gordon's* prize, 30
In any Medium's tint, disguise,
 And *Cresswell's* prize for *Railway Scenes*,— 31
 Of trains, and rails, and forest greens,—
 With prize for *Brass Work* any size, 32
 Were nowhere seen by human eyes.—
 Three other prizes, *Wood Inlaid*,
 And Indian *Copra*, hand-loom made, (Cloth, calico,
 And Delhi *Ivory Carving* fine, etc.)
 Were "not awarded," saith the line.

The *Honourable Inglis* gave, 33
 Of these three prizes, two to crave
 The Indian workman show his skill,
 And send his handicrafts uphill ;
 Competitors to coax, persuade,
 Gave prize for *Ivory fine Inlaid*.
 'Twould be the talk of all their lives,
 To win rupees two twenty-fives,
Sering, for *Bhutia Kummerbund*. 34
 Won praise, no pice ! felt moribund,
 But then 'twas sold for ten rupees,
 Perhaps the net result did please.

How *is* it "Himalayan Scenes,"
 The Catalogue no winner screens?
Miss Crichton's "Kinchin." *though* Commended, 35
 No currency her purse befriended ;
 And *Mr. Earle's* fine prize was lost. 36
 Faint fame for framing frozen frost !
 A Special Prize for *Miss B. Webb.*— 37
 The Prize List here found fitting ebb.
 Her burnt-wood work, pyrography,
 Is worthy of pyrolatry ;
 Consist of outlines, light and shade,
 A work of art that cannot fade.

SECOND DAY.

The Second Day we heard a struggle,
 And realised a music-muddle ;
 So, rose to *dekko* "what was up," (Look at, see.
 And found the Cornet *sold a pup !* Hindustani.)
 The Clarinet his music missing ;
 The Fiddles near the bridge were hissing.
 The Contra Bass was growling sin,
 Th' Piano Vamper thumping in !
 The Flute was fluting 'mid the din.
 'Twas like when Satan fell to dwell
 'Mid brimstone's suffocating smell !—
 At last the missing parts were found,
 The muddlers ceased to spoil the sound ;
 And one could tell what tune was on,
 Enjoy the three valved clarion,—
 Who tries to blow down others' *gup*,
 Is sure to get a blowing up ! 38

The Prizes, mostly generous,
 Were voted so unanimous ;
 But third and second prizes might
 Awarded be, they *would* delight ;
 And art-work seen commendable,
 Should *be* commended amply, full ;

Encouragement would skill entice,
 And *would* not cost a single pice.
 A Simla, hundred *dibs* prize-winner *Rupees.*)
 Was passed as commonplace, poor sinner !
 To scamp an art-work gives a blow
 To rising merit, lays it low,
 And mars the object grand :—to show,
 Promote, advance and aid fine art,
 And talent sway, to truth impart.
 “ To err is human,” *but* this time,
 The judges nearly shared a crime !

“ Faint praise doth damn ! ” yet none at all,
 Would make the stoutest stoic pall ;
 No matter how one’s tastes may lie.
 To give folks pleasure, why not try ?
 The Grand Committee did their best,
 They found no time their choice to test ;
 The List was needed, scribed and printed,—
 The time was short, as has been hinted ;—
 But two full days to shape it *all* ;
 Such work might greater ones appal :
 So, under circs. ’twas right well run,
 And couldn’t have been much better done.

Not being now on leave up here,
 And having work, it’s certain, clear,
 There’s not much time to persevere ;
 But when they say, “ Come, *can* you *do* it ? ”
 Of course, *at once*, we rattle through it,
 And pen the verse with speed, ding, dong,
 And sing our social-story song ;
 So *if* there’s missed a name or two,
 Because we failed to trace them, true,
 We beg to be excused by you.
 And now, must cease, and hie away.
 To all kind Readers, fair Good Day !

Yours, very truly,

J. A. K.

NOTES

" TO THE FINE ART EXHIBITION. "

-
- 1 1906.
 2. Wife of the Rector of St. Paul's School.
 3. Sir Lancelot Hare, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam.
 4. Daughter of a planter, Happy Valley Tea Estate.
 5. A teacher in the Girls' Diocesan High School, Darjeeling.
 6. Scholars in the Darjeeling Schools.
 7. A planter, Rungli Rungliot Tea Estate.
 8. Daughter of a planter, Castleton Tea Estate, Kurseong.
 9. A planter, North Point Tea Estate.
 10. Wife of C. H. Bompas, Esq., I.C.S.
 11. Daughter of a chemist, Darjeeling.
 12. An excellent Indian Artist.
 13. A visitor formerly a resident.
 14. Wife of the Editor, *Darjeeling Chronicle*.
 15. Organist of St. Columba's Church, Darjeeling.
 16. A nurse.
 17. Now Sir Robert Carlyle, Secretary, Financial Department, Government of India.
 18. Photographic artist, Commercial Road, Darjeeling.
 19. Photographer, Mackenzie Road, Darjeeling.
 20. A planter, Ringtong Tea Estate.
 21. A planter, Lopchoo Tea Estate.
 22. A planter, Hope Town Tea Estate.
 23. Editor, *Darjeeling Chronicle*.
 24. J. H. E. Garrett, Esq., I.C.S., ex Deputy Commr., Darjeeling.
 25. Calcutta Catholic Diocese.
 26. Now Lady Earle, wife of the Chief Commissioner of Assam.
 27. A resident, daughter of late Engineer, P. W. D.
 28. Wife of the Municipal Engineer, Darjeeling.
 29. See Note 23.
 30. A planter, Teesta Valley Tea Estate, the Hon'ble Lieutenant-Colonel G. Grant-Gordon, C.I.E., Commanding Northern Bengal Mounted Volunteers, A.D.C. to the Governor of Bengal.
 31. G. B. Cresswell, Esq., General Manager, Darjeeling Himalayan Railway.
 32. Given by Major O'Kinealy, Civil Surgeon, Darjeeling, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Superintendent, General Hospital, Calcutta.
 33. The Hon'ble W. A. Inglis, Secretary, Public Works Department, Government of Bengal.
 34. A Bhutia *bearer* of Happy Valley Tea Estate.
 35. Drawing Mistress, Girls' Diocesan High School, Darjeeling.
 36. Now Sir Archdale Earle, Chief Commissioner of Assam.
 37. Daughter of a planter, Pusumbing Tea Estate.
 38. The Amusement (now Gymkhana) Club's orchestra, started to play different pieces of music, by mistake. Each musician blowing, scraping or thumping *for all he was worth*, to sway to the tune he was playing ! thinking he was right.

RINKING !*

Come, see ! the Rinkers' reeling tide,
 And view their swaying, wheeling pride ;
 Now watch the showy, skilful skating,
 And geomantic, grand gyrating.
 A score are joined, the rest apart ;
 A few like swallows swiftly dart
 With sinuous movements in and out ;
 A labyrinthine, mad-cap rout.

Some dabs, enact a circling flight,
 With feet turned out near angles right.
 Young maidens two and two entwine,
 From side to side sway, sail, incline.
 Some pairs have interlaced their arms ;
 But some to better show their charms,
 And swing of skirts that graceful go,
 In single files glide to and fro.

A few move hand-in-hand quite sweet,
 With pleasure, laughter, joy, replete,
 So beautiful, so full of life ;
 Each bound to make a loving wife
 Are those, who now as spinsters spin
 The web bewitching, 'mid the din,
 The humming of the hundred wheels,
 And glow of life that each one feels.

* There are two Rinks in Darjeeling, the Gymkhana Club Rink and the Station Public Rink.

Now crowding close, then crossing o'er
And flying round each end-contour.
Th' electrifying, daring chance,
To dash amid the throng's advance :
The vigilance to 'scape colliding,
The pace, race, chase, deciding, guiding ;
All tend to swell the spirit's glow,
The throbbing life-blood's ebb and flow.

Sweet music's thrilling cadence swells,
Enravishes, excites, impells.
The gliding, sliding, striding stir,
Velocity, transition, whirr ;
The sweeping, swimming, swinging motion
Excitement, energy, emotion,
The impulse, transport, way, desire,
Set brain and blood at length on fire.

This Rinking's wonderful, divine,
Inspiring, firing, fevering, fine !
The spurting speed, and lightning turn,
Inflame, till coursing pulses burn ;
The witching whirling warms the blood.
Around they go, a living flood,
A stream of life that surges on,
Till hearts are lost and Beauty won !

“DARJEELING CHORAL UNION.”*

Of all situations for residence the most delightful is a small neighbourhood, in the country ; with inhabitants whose faces are familiar to us as the flowers in our garden ; a little world of our own, where we know every one, are known to every one, interested in every one and authorised to hope that every one feels an interest in us. How pleasant these true-hearted feelings, to learn to know and to love the people about us, with all their peculiarities.

Mary Russell Mitford, “Our Village.” (1825.)

Hail ! Darjeeling ! Flourish ! Blaze !
 Choral Union ! Thrill ! Amaze !
 Rich Soprani, dulcet swell,
 Sweet and clear as silver bell :
 Bassi and Contralti aid,
 Tenors swell the sound-cascade.
 Choice, harmonious voices ring !
 Union ! out your volume fling !
 Hark ! Our Singers' jubilee !
 Joy “*In thrilling harmony.*”

I

Let us now, the first piece try,
 Barnby's pretty Lullaby,
 “SWEET AND LOW,” piano, so.
 All quite ready ?—Softly—Go !

“CARNOVALE.” Rise, enthral !
 Watch the beat “*blind beggars all.*”
 Grandly done, each lead was good ;
 Every word well understood.

* The “Darjeeling Choral Union” was started in December 1904, and flourished throughout this winter. The wife of the Conservator of Forests and the Chaplain's wife were the organising spirits, and the Civil Surgeon was the Conductor.

I. The whole of the quotations in *italics* are from the words of the glees, etc., that were in practice : the names of the pieces are given in small capitals.

"THE HARDY NORSEMAN'S HOUSE OF YORE,"
 Was *on* the water, not on shore ;
 And there, it seems, he did things brown,
 As we must do, and not break down !

Next, please ! Make haste ! we're waiting, see !
 "O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE?"
 In common time, and simple key,
 Now, altogether let us be.

Continue. Try the Trio, please.
 Voice sweet the *sol*i. Sing at ease.....
 Encore ! Quite nicely sung indeed !
 Must pleasure give, delight, succeed.

"*What though our pow'r be weaker now
 Than it was wont,*" we hope somehow
 To marshal strength, and stir up those
 Who stay at home to warm their toes.

But "*Ne'er should we forget our*" fires,
 For warmth and brightness, song inspires.
 Now, *just* as we're about to go,
 Our fires, one—two, begin to glo' ;
 But later they'll be cheering, bright,
 Damp wood and hard steam-coal despite. 2

"YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME" is it true,
 Our Choral Union wont fall through !
 That steadfast we shall stand the shock,
 Of May's approaching season's flock ?
 But earlier there may be a boom
 Of visitors to need the room. 3

2. At the first practice, there were about thirty present. As the weather grew colder, the attendance dwindled down to little more than half. The two fires at first were only lit a few minutes before the practices began ; so were in nice glow just when it was time to leave !

3. The "Choral Union" of 1904-05 came to an end on 15th March. The large drawing-room of Woodlands' Branch Hotel, where the practices were held, being required for hotel use.

" *Pretty maidens,*" " *matrons,*" " *wives,*"
Those who bless and cheer our lives ;
Healthful, braced by mountain air,
Agile, virile, fresh and fair.

" *Hands lily white,*"
" *Cheeks rosy hue,*"
" *Lips crimson red,*"
Eyes brown and blue.

Choral Union as a whole,
Like a varied girasole ;
Though as one in harmony,
Unison and courtesy.

Ah ! *how* we wish our Governor here
To list our song, our hopes to cheer.
His Highness, Cooch Behar's great lord,
A welcome grand we would accord.

Her Highness, Maharani sweet,
His Consort Queen, with *glee* we'd greet
Princesses gentle sisters two ;
Prince " Raji," " Jit," and Victor too.

To Choral Union friends, Adieu !
To others, yes, but first are you ;
We hope on each with joy to call.
" *Good Night, Good Night Beloved.*" *All !*

HERR PREMYSLAV.

VIOLIN CONCERT.

*Grand Drawing Room,
Woodlands' Branch Hotel.*

Herr Premyslav,
With *us* we have,
Our hearts to music win ;
No toiling slave,
But Master brave,
Of *his* loved Violin.

This Concert's sway
And Art display,*
Must "Woodlands" fame outlaunch ;
And rightly boom,
Grand Drawing Room,
"Drum Druid's"—"Woodlands' Branch."†

The programme fine,
Showed items nine,
Each work a masterpiece ; ‡
Admitting well,
Staccato, swell,
Young Artist's skilled caprice.

* 22nd December 1906.

† "Drum Druid" was the former name, still used, of "Woodland's Branch" Hotel, Darjeeling, where the concert was held.

‡ Given in verse on page 117.

All these, divine,
 Were rendered fine,
 Interpreted *de novo* ;
 Style, bowing, tone,
 Technique alone,
 Proclaimed a Virtuoso.

The Artist mild,
 Apollo's child !
 By pure, celestial tone ;
 And feeling slides,
 With trills besides,
 Might move a heart of stone.

He played, you kno',
 On gem *Lupot*,
 That seemed our souls to leaven ;
 As doubled stopped,
 Harmonics dropped,
 Like angel-sighs from heaven.

His tones so true,
 All cares subdue ;
 For such is Music's power.
 Enchantment's bliss—
 Cecilia's kiss
 Enthrall'd for full an hour.

Herr Premyslav,
 Now here we have,
 Ah ! would we ne'er might sever ;
 Play on !—play on !—
 The whole day long !
 Keep *us* in heaven for ever !

— *

THE PROGRAMME.

- (1) *Romance in G.*—
The major key,—
By master mind, BEETHOVEN.
- (2) *Chanson Paroles.*
Sans words the whole,
TCHAIKOVSKY'S never doyen.
- (3) *Perpetuum*
(Like pendulum)
Mobile, writ by RIES.
- (4, 5) *Légende ; Mazurka*,
Music's rich nectar,
WIENIAWSKI'S name, one sees.
- (6) DVORAK'S *Humoresque*,
Quaint air, picturesque.
- (7) CHOPIN'S *Nocturne*, so lusciously sweet.
- (8) *L'Abeille*, buzzing bee,
SCHUBERT'S humming spree.
- (9) SARASATE'S *Zig'weisen*,* what treat !

— : O : —

* Zingari.

GRAND VOCAL, VIOLIN, AND PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

TOWN HALL, DARJEELING.

M. RAFALEWSKI AND MISS LILI SHARP.

This Grand Recital-Concert here,
On Wednesday charmed the cultured ear ;*
From violin, piano, voice,
Mellifluous intonations choice,
Came stealing sweet as soothing breeze,
Soft-sighing through ambrosial trees.

The lovely melodies would flow,
Low murmuring pianissimo,
Then rippling as a silvery stream
By stepping stones, progressed the theme ;
Storm's rage was toned in sounds like flood
Swept seething down a rocky *khud*.

(*Declivity.*
Hindustani.)

Elysian whispers slowly sprung
In touching tones ! Then seeming wrung
A cry of anguish ! Now of fire !
The tremolo chords ascending higher,
Strung out their strains, to flames akin,
Fuoco Agitato's din !

We listened, feeling every tone
Had thrilled each frame to inmost bone !
As harmonies with song would blend,
The wish arose, they ne'er might end ;
And when our ears had drank the whole,
Th' enchanting sounds had thrall'd the soul !

Each chord and air, like siren-zephyr,
Bred thoughts, would such might hum for ever !
And we to list, charmed day by day,
Till earth's existence ebbed away,
And soul serenely soared above,
To swell the praising hymns of love.

The violin trills heavenly music,
When played transcendently artistic ;
And they who spirit forth the tone,
Create it pure in glee and moan,
Bring down to every heeding one,
Cecilia's blissful benison !

The voice of woman, trilling sure,—
With all its intonations pure,—
Intense in volume, dulcet richness,
Melodic pathos, feeling, freshness,
Is verily, when free from heaven,
The sweetest music outside Heaven !

Ah ! Virtuosi with us stay,
Entrancing sing, alluring play !
Intone some cherubimic gem,—
Feliculously caught from them,—
And waft our souls on music's wing,
To Heaven's celestial Music's Spring.

Young David's harps refreshed King Saul,
But here, the artists charmed us *all* !—
As music's strain needs rest below,
The violinist eased his bow,
But ere he did, on double string
The Anthem played,—

“ God save the King.”

IN MEMORIAM.

"Miss Amy Gardner (daughter of the Darjeeling meteorologist) was fatally stabbed in the middle of the breast by a desperately jealous erewhile lover, who had but just previously asked her to sing 'Killarney, as he said he would be near there soon, being due to leave in a few days for the South of Ireland. Miss Gardner sung and Miss Mary Bartle played the pianoforte accompaniment :—

'Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home Killarney,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney.'

Miss Gardner was a pretty, fresh blonde, prepossessing in appearance, accomplished, engaging, a member of the church choir, seventeen years of age, and of child-like disposition."—J. A. K. in the *Darjeeling Chronicle*, 16th March, 1907.

AMY GARDNER.

(Obiit Darjeeling, 5th March 1907.)

Gentle, innocent maiden,
Warm-hearted, child-like, kind ;
Crowned with grace to be courteous,
And piously inclin'd.

Playing playfully pleasant,
With melody beguil'd
Singing sweetly " Killarney,"
Soft trilling as a child.

Then, when music, consoling,
Had wafted transient care ;—
Struck mid-breast with a dagger !
" *Help, Mary !* " rent the air.

Lifted tenderly, careful ;
Placed prone to sigh and die.
Know, that cry of deep anguish,
“ *Help, Mary !* ” pierced the sky.

Done to death in a moment !
Young, beauteous, fresh and fair.
Angels Heavenward ascending,
Have borne her, joyous there.

Alabaster her features,
Calm, silent, passed, at rest !—
Gone to sing with the angels,
Heaven-placed among the Blest !

GOD'S HAVEN OF REST.

In Darjeeling *God's Acre* adorns the hillside,
Just below a wreathed, beautiful crest,
Which the radiant gleams of the sun's opal beams,
Flood with gold as they sink in the west.

By each sacred green mound, on the terrac'd hillside
Fragrant flowers delightfully grow,
And diffuse, as they nod, perfumes rare o'er the sod,
Of the loved ones at rest there below.

In a sacred green grave, on the grassy hillside,
Sleeps a form that was gentle and fair,—
A devoted, sweet wife, in the heyday of life,—
The adored of my soul's hidden there.

O'er the sacred greensward, on the sylvan hillside,
Mating birds trill their amorous lay,
And the cuckoo coo-coos, to each love that it woos,
Whilst we sorrow for ours, pass'd away.

Ah ! blest, sacred green bank, on the treasur'd hillside,
Who adjacent may pass, cannot see,
That beneath your calm breast, there reposes at rest,
A belov'd one, endeared so to me.

By a sacred green spot, on the furrow'd hillside,
I am scanning its white marble stone,
And I pray for God's peace, when my heart shall surcease,
That He grant me to rest with my own.

Blissful, sacred green bed, on the hallow'd hillside,
When my time's latest hour comes at last,
Then my pray'r will be made, by my love to be laid
As we laid in the days that are past.

'Neath the sacred green turf, on the peaceful hillside,
Where enduring quiescence is found,
May we sleep on the hill, side by side and until
We awake, when "THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND!"*

————: O :————

* "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."—1 Corinthians xv. 52.

DARJEELING FAREWELL!

Darjeeling ere I pass adown thy hill,
My soul's regretful, sad farewell I sing,
But though I leave, thy scenes surviving still
In memory's seat, will there for ever cling !

I go, loved spot, perchance to see no more
Thy snow-capped peaks that heavenward soar sublime
My heart, the causes ever will deplore,
That parts my life from joys of India's clime.

Alas ! what grief to think I ne'er again
May ride by slopes, where th' flushing tea-bush grows,
Or pace thy lane-like roads, in sun and rain,
Or gaze enthralled upon thy wondrous snows.

Ah me ! to see no more thy mountain range
And crystal crests that ardent minds inspire,
Nor view the clouds beneath, in ceaseless change,
Or snows by sunset's glow to seem afire !

No more to feel the glacier-breezes blow,—
The fresh'ning, ozone-wafting mountain air— (*See Note p. 16.*)
From icy realms of heaven's eternal snow !
Or list the thunder-claps that crash and scare.

To view no more primeval forests vast,
 O'ertopping mountains, crowding deep ravines.
 Soon lost to me, resolved in vistas past,
 Thy glorious snows and nature's grandest scenes.

No more at night to scan thy firmament
 Of myriad spheres, self-luminously bright !—
 Creation's work of Heaven's Omnipotent,
 That gave the skies their star-celestial light.—

Sweet Memory ! blissful, tearful, soothing joy,
 So full of touching pathos, pleasure, pain ;
 Yet rich with friendships nought can e'er destroy !—
 Ah ! could I pass those palmy days again !—

Just Heaven has ruled, the past shall ne'er return !
 But memory overrides the dire decree ;
 For all thy views in clear remembrance burn,
 And friends, scenes, hill and steep return to me !

Submissively I breathe, " Thy will be done."
 Resigned, I curb each sigh's repining swell.—
 My parting's said. The verse its course has run.—
 Darjeeling fondly loved, Farewell !—Farewell !



OTHER POEMS.

A VOYAGE.

(The Departure.)

From busy port our ship doth glide,
Past landmarks speeds away ;
Green waves upheave in bounding pride,
Gem-capped with sparkling spray.
The sea is rising, scudding clouds
Portend a gale draws nigh,
Shrill winds are whistling through the shrouds,
And sea-birds screaming fly.

(A Gale Develops.)

Huge billows surge with fearful force,
Athwart the vessel sweep,
As plunging on, along her course,
She ploughs the angry deep.
Across her bows waves seething prey,
And flashing lurid light,
Illumes the elemental fray :
The gale hath reached its height !

(A Storm.)

'Tis awful 'gainst a mountain wave,
To feel a vessel clash,
While howling blasts convulsive rave,
And thunder adds its crash !
Appalling strikes the tempest's wrath,
When through the sombrous sky,
The lightning cleaves a zigzag path,
'Midst ocean's deafening cry !

(From Turmoil to Stillness.)

But whirling winds exhaust their might,
Storm-billows sinking then ;
Whilst clouds disperse in mystic flight,
The sun shines out again.
Soft zephyr-breezes sighing flee,
The azure heaven doth charm,
And like a placid lake, the sea
Subsides to slumbering calm.

(A Still Sunset.)

The ether concaved canopy,
Inflamed by sunset's hue,
Is mirrored 'neath the tranquil sea,
Suffused with crystal-blue.
Resplendent Waste ! The Water's face
Glints iridescence rare !
The Land in all its grandeur-grace,
With Sea may not compare !

(Arrival at Destination.)

Now, nimbus clouds assembling lower,
O'er wave their shadows cast ;
But crystallise in hailstone shower.
Hark ! " Land's in sight ! " at last.
The opening Port's entrancing view,
A welcome, soothing balm.
" The Anchor's dropped ! " Kind Friends, Adieu !
To thee, good Ship,—Salâm !

THE S.S. "CITY OF BENARES."

CALCUTTA TO LONDON.

*Sailed 16th January, 1913.**

Ye Starte.

From proud Calcutta's docks we started,
"From India's coral strand" have parted.

Ye Shippe's Companie.

Our brave Commander, *Captain Miller*,
As true as guinea gold or *siller*,
Is noted clear for open-mind'ness,
And jovial manner, care and kindness.
To fair Colombo brought us soon,
A speedy, pleasing, welcome boon :
Then past the light of Minikoy,
That dimmed, and blazed, and gave us joy.

O'er now, Arabian billows grand,—
We place our lives within his hand,
"In sure and certain hope" that he,
Will safely sail us through the sea.—
We tender freely more than thanks,
Our gratitude, that higher ranks.
May life with him, see joy each day,
'Till God-blest, he shall pass away.

* For how the verses came to be written, see page 133. If the notes, pages 133, 134, are scanned *before* the verses, the allusions, etc., in the latter will be understood without referring, and so save breaking the flow of the rhythmic measure.

1 For the Notes see page 133.

Chief Officer, active *William Ewing*,
 All waste of time at play eschewing,
 Perambulates the narrow bridge,—
 The officers' sole privilege,—
 And does his watch with sailor-zest,
 And when relieved retires to rest ;
 And so with *Mr. C. Boyd-Bell*,
 And *Taylor T., Wainwright* as well :
 While Engineer-in-Chief, *McCluckie*,
 Who fills his bed each night is lucky.

2

Our *Doctor Grahame Patton* strong,—
 In charge of us the voyage along,—
 Is seen to sway most pleasantly,
 With thoughtful brow and chivalry,
 And balanced mind, and nature kind,
 And intellect and taste refin'd.
 May he, when in his native land,
 Upbuild a Practice paying grand,
 And be beloved, as he is here,
 And blessed with friendships true, sincere.

Miss S. Macfarlane, Stewardess,
 In *all* her work a great success,—
 A kindlier lassie where is she?—
 To each our ladies devotee.
 A bonnie lass with rosy cheeks,
 And winning smile that almost speaks,
 And nut-brown tresses neat and trim,
 And lips—awaiting “Lucky Jim !”
 She's lovely Scotch ! how *could* she beat it ?
 Why,—marry English, so *complete* it !

3

Chief Steward, *Mr. A. McLean*,—
 In name, but not in flesh 'tis seen.—
 He does us well with dainties nice,
 Of jams and jellies, fruit and ice.
 With *similar* dishes 'tis his aim
 To give each one a *different* name ;
 So make us think we're living high,
 While *entre nous*, he winks his eye.
 Good Luck ! to him, and all the crew !
 We bid them now a kind adieu.

4

Ye Passengerees.

Two Clewer Sisters here have we,
 Church-robed and good, as all may see :
Maria, Eduth, so are named ;
 Their charm of grace is here acclaimed.
Miss Bose, and also *Miss I. Goss*,
 To parted friends an obvious loss,
 Their loss our gain, is stated thus :—
 The latter sweetly sung for us ;
 Both students, modest, quiet, meek,
 May both attain the goal they seek.

5

The *Misses Ogden*, all could see,
 Bewitched the whole Ship's Company,
 And Passengers and every one,
 With Two-Step solos deftly done
 And Rag-time ditties sweetly sung
 With clear, articulated tongue.—
 Hi, "*Halloa ! Tu Tu, how are you ?*"
 And bravo "*Tu Tu*," you *two* too !

6

7

Our great regret to see them pass
 From off the ship, while we alas !
 Remain to miss their company,
 And charm and versatility.
 We wish that love and happiness,
 Australia's daughters fair, may bless.
 Now—"Fare-thee-well ! and if for ever,
 (Then) Still for ever, Fare-thee-well !"

Quite near, we see *Miss Makeig Jones*,
 Whose sweetly breathing, speaking tones,
 Uplift, to dream of maidens' sighs,—
 The sweetest whispers 'neath the skies !—
*Miss Hutton, John,** and *Mrs. Glover*,
 And *Mrs. Read*, and yet another,
 In *Mr. Read*, her stronger half,
 Who oft, we hear, gives hearty laugh ;—

8

* Mrs. Glover's little boy.

This lady, o'er th' piano keys
 Her fingers flings with skilful ease.—
C. Wood, and Mr. Robinson 9
 Who never yet the Sweep has won.
O'Malley Mr. here is writ,
 An I. C. S. of tested grit. *Indian Civil Service.)*
C. Duff and Mr. W. Duff,
J. Lornie, Warden, all good stuff.

N. Raphael, the truth to tell,
 Kept dodging near each social belle,
 A traveller-Jew for jewellery
 That scintillated quality.
 With funniosities galore,
 Would trip across the Music floor ;
 Seemed always full of fun and glee,
 And song and rapid repartee ;
 Would pantomime *for all he knew !—*
 A most amusing Cockney Jew. 10

We held a Concert on the way,
 At which our talent made display,
 And then it rained all night and day !
 The heavens shed tears, the skies to rinse,
 And *have* been weeping ever since ! 11
 This rain, may be, was caused by me,
 Who voiced about a storm at sea,
 And then performed *idolatry !—*
 Not thinking such the least of harm,—
 By *prayer*,—"To thee, good Ship,—*Salâm !*" 12

The *Misses Ogden* sung and played,
 And solo, *Mrs. Read* essayed,
 And *Mr. Collins* did his turn.
 From repertoire his songs we learn
 Of "Wild Rose Mary," maid "McGee,"
 And mountain-slopes that reach the sea.
 Reflections in a Garden old,
 With recollections sweet, were told
 In voice of feeling baritone,
 Whose thrill might touch a heart of stone. 13

Look now at pleasant *Mr. Brown*
 Who never seems to fret or frown,
 Nor is he ever heard to croak,
 And well enjoys a witty joke.
 His name's done *Brown*, and getting darker
 By sitting next a Hielan' larker,
 Who's nature's not demoniac,
 But name, though short, is demon "Black.
 My *Vis-a-vis*, tall *Harry Brown*,
 I've let you gently, softly down !

While still we pass along our track,
 Please glance at *simple Mr. Black*,
 A Scottie *unsophisticated*,
 Whose subtleness is underrated.
 At meals he makes a daring chase ;
 Right through each course delights to race ;
 Then purls a grace with up-turned eyes,
 That *he* may win the Sweep's First Prize !

In all things we, with Scotties join,
 They beat us though in reaping coin !
Black sighs, *Bawbee* ! *Oh ! how I love thee*,
Rupee ! rupee ! that's just above me,
Come ! sway, and "let me clutch thee" now,
So smooth the wrinkles off my brow ;
Thenceforth you'll never find me slack,
 " *My name is NORVAL* " *GRAMPIAN BLACK* !—

14

At last we're scampered through the list,
 And run the risk of threatening fist !
 But pleased to say, we've caused no fray.

Yours, now and ever,

J. A. K.

15

IN THE ARABIAN SEA.

25TH JANUARY, 1913.

—: o :—

NOTES

TO THE S.S. "CITY OF BENARES."

The verses came to be written in this wise :—

Among the passengers was *Mr. L. S. S. O'Malley*, I.C.S., from Darjeeling, who after a couple of days out from Calcutta, when a concert was about to be arranged, mentioned, it was said, that the writer was a reciter, and had written poems on Darjeeling and its people and doings for the local press (published in book form, "*Darjeeling Ditties and Other Poems*"). The young bloods, etc., were sceptical, and said among themselves :—If he really wrote verses, straight off for the press about the affairs and visitors of Darjeeling, why not give us a poem about the passengers on board ? We'll worry him, and see ! So, they good humouredly importuned again and again at table and elsewhere, and hinted doubts, with sly insinuations, etc., until at last, on the evening of the date stated, the writer, refraining from dinner, quiet in his cabin, pencilled the verses ; and next morning, in the saloon, under frequent interruptions and attempts at over-looking, etc., made a fair copy, and by unanimous request read it, with amusing interpolations by himself and listeners, immediately after lunch, before any one had left the tables. The lines are included here as a sample, however defective, of what might be done more efficiently by other voyagers, to help the trend of sociability of the passengers, and give amusement of a literary kind.

1. The Captain, Officers and Crew of the ship seemed to be all genial Scots ; the vessel hailing from Glasgow. The Doctor, however, was jovial Irish, returning from an Indian engagement.

2. The three gentlemen named immediately after the Chief Officer were the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Officers.

3. Quoted from a comic opera song, " Oh ! Lucky Jim ! How I envy him."

4. Mr. McLean, the Steward, though young and efficiently active, was the stoutest member of the ship's company.

5. *Miss Bose* and *Miss Goss* were both from a school at Darjeeling, going home, in charge of the two Clewer Sisters, to further study for degrees, etc.

6. The two *Misses Ogden*, *Miss Hutton*, *Messieurs Duff*, *Raphael* and *J. Lornie* were booked only to Colombo ; and left the ship before the verses were written.

The young bloods referred to in Note 1, were Messrs. Black, Collins, Duff, Robinson, Wood, and Dr. Patton, all single men, ranging in age from 23 to about 28, the Doctor being the senior. The other gentlemen, excepting Mr. Read, were but little older.

7. A few words from one of the Miss Ogden's rag-time ditties.

8. Miss Jones was a dulcet voiced young lady, in about the sixth or seventh year of her teens. She sat between the writer and the Captain.

9. *Mr. and Mrs. Read* were a good-tempered, elderly couple, returning from a visit to India and their large Tea Estate in Assam. The lady is an excellent pianiste.

10. *Mr. Raphael*, who had his native servant with him, was a London Shemite Commercial traveller for jewellery, gold and silver-smith's ware, etc., and was brimful of good humour, fun and amusing anecdotes.

11. Immediately after the Concert it began to rain heavily, and continued all night and next day. Whether it was the reciting, or singing, or both ! that caused the downpour, the heavens hold the secret.

12. At the Concert, the writer delivered a selection (from his "Darjeeling Ditties and Other Poems," 1st Edition) entitled "A Voyage," which ended with the sentence quoted :—"To thee, good Ship,—Salâm !" (*See page 127, last line.*)

13. *Mr. F. T. Collins* sung at the Concert, two evenings before we reached Colombo, about half-a-dozen songs, including encores, four of which were :—

"The Mountains of Mourne." (*"That sweep down to the sea."*)
"Wild Rose Mary." A witty Irish song "Mary McGee," and "An Old Garden.

14. *Mr. J. C. Black* was a pleasant, good-natured, and good-tempered young Scottish gentleman, who joked with the writer and every one. He had a habit, when thinking, of thickly wrinkling his forehead. Regarding the fun of his chasing through the courses at meals, as a matter of fact he was rather abstemious at table ; but had said, jokingly, that *he looked well after himself, and went through all the courses !* His remark is embodied in the verse in the same spirit with which it was expressed ; and for the "Bawbee !" and "Rupee" who does not love them as well as Mr. B. ?

15. There were but few passengers, it was the off-season, only 24 including the little boy *John*, and *J. A. K.* All are included in the verses. There were also 19 second class with three children.

MOTHERS.

“God bless all women. They're always on the side of the sinners and the sufferers.”—*Hall Caine*. “The Prodigal Son.”

“The Virgin and Child are a symbol of all humanity,—Mother and son,—Present and Future. Woman holds the human race in her arms,—at her breast!—Without her, Chaos would come again!” *Marie Corelli*. “God's Good Man.”

Mothers, health be yours each day !
 Saviour, intercede I pray,
 Crave that God the Father's love—
 Love Divine, from Heaven above,
 Flood their souls with blessed Light—
 Keep their smiles for ever bright.—
 Shield from self, the world's alloy !
 Grant their children be a joy.
 May no child's ingratitude,
 Cause distress, solicitude !

Holy Spirit be their guide.
 Peace within each house abide,
 Jesu, draw them close to Thee ;
 Grant their lives from ill be free.
 Lamb of God, possess each heart,
 Till in Heaven they take their part ;
 There, with loved ones, ever blest,—
 Angels guard their blissful rest,—
 Till eternity supernal,
 Lose itself in Heaven's Eternal !

TO MY MOTHER.

‘If a man should not exactly be tied to his mother’s apron-string, he should all his life remain tied to her by that other mysterious cord which no knife can sever.’ *Richard Le Gallienne*. “Irrelevant People.”

“When men come to be ashamed of their mothers—as many of them are to-day—there will be but little hope of good for future generations.” *Marie Corelli*. “God’s Good Man.” (Chap. xxi.)

My dear, kind mother, how I long
 To see once more your winsome face ;
 To hear your greeting words of love,
 And clasp you close, in fond embrace.

In Southern climes, on Afric’s shore,
 O’er India’s plains, through China’s sea,
 ’Mid earthquake’s shock and cyclone’s roar,
 My thoughts, dear mother, flew to thee.

When storm terrific swept the main,
 And billows dashed our ship to lee ;
 I sent entwined with lightning’s flash,
 A whisper, breathed to Heaven for thee.

When shrieking hordes surged round for blood,
 And dying moans steeled every heart ;
 When war’s wild clamour o’er me rung !
 I kept a thought for thee apart.

When kneeling ’mid Cantonment Church,
 And breathing praise, for all we see,
 I ne’er forget to thank the Power,
 Who gave thee *me*—to give me THEE.

TO MY SISTER.

" My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine."
Lord Byron.

" For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather ;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."
Christina G. Rossetti. " Goblin Market."

Dearest Sister ! Our love so pure,
Love, thine and mine ;
What could rend it ?—Eternal bond—
Link, so divine !
With this love, my best wish I send,
Thine to entwine.

May the bloom on thy gentle cheek
Ne'er lose its hue ;
May thy trusts, friends and counsellors,
Always be true ;
May no ill, strife, or sorrow, you
Ever betide ;
And in all your endeavours may
God be your guide !

TO MY VIOLIN.

Loved Violin, caressing thee,
 Entrancing tones I frame ;
Thy sweetness, moving, thrilling strains,
 No other sounds may claim !

Through quivering strings thou breathest forth
 Grand themes, that lift the heart,
Enchanting notes, with touching sway,
 Ideal caprices start.

In sorrow, thou hast solaced me,
 In trouble, didst console :
Evolving trills of sympathy,
 That balmed my troubled soul.

Companions none with thee compare,
 Thou constant, soothing treasure ;
Delight and joy of evening hours,
 My pastime's greatest pleasure !

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Dost Remember
When didst clamber,
Pupillary worm?
Through the grasses,
'Mid morasses,
To thy present form?

Shall we ever
In the ether,
Recollect this earth
Of our early
Hurly-burly,
In a second birth?

Wings that tremble
Oft resemble
Prisms passing by :
Shy, clandestine,
Amethystine,
Beauteous butterfly!

TO VENUS.

“Queen of the Firmament.”*

Ethereal planet ! Beauteous Star of Night !

What art thou ? Speak ! Thy lustrous glow endears.
Across the heavens slow streams thy vesture bright.
Speak ! Break thy hush of fifty thousand years ! †

So wondrous scintillates thy radiant face,
Our upward gaze is oft suffused with tears.
If consciousness be thine, in moving grace,
Speak ! Break thy hush of fifty thousand years !

Perchance our loved ones, passed to heaven's pure skies,
Are now with thee, thou lovely Orb of Light !
Thy mountains may be Hills of Paradise !
Speak ! Break thy silence, peerless Queen of Night !

— : o : —

* Venus is the most beautiful of all the planets, and the nearest to the earth. Sir Robert Ball says, in “The Story of the Heavens,” (pp. 139-40). “Venus is a lovely planet, . . . peerless among the planetary host. . . . Who has not been delighted with the view of this glorious object. . . . All the heavenly host . . . must pale before the splendid lustre of Venus, the unrivalled Queen of the firmament.” He also states (*p.* 159) that observations have “proved in the most conclusive manner the existence of an atmosphere round Venus.”

It may therefore be, that the souls of the blessed passed, are re-assembled in this most beautiful planet, enjoying millennia of love and bliss unspeakable !

† See Note 3, page 22.

LOVE'S VALENTINE.

" O Sovereign power of love ! " *

Love me darling,
Love me true.
Love me, Dear love !
I love you.
Love me Love ! Love !
Acquiesce ;
Love ! most loving,
Crown and bless.
Loved one ! Sweet Love !
Love of mine !
Love ! be thou Love's
Valentine !

—: o :—

SHE'S PRETTY.

'Twas whispered in the corridor,
" She's pretty, yes, she's pretty " ²
The brightest on the festal floor,
Besides discreet and witty.
By music's thrilling art inflamed,
She sung so sweet a ditty ;
Her lovers round the keys exclaimed,
" How pretty, oh, how pretty ! " ³
A Son of Mars proposed—don't laugh,—
And married in a jiffy !
Now *he's* of Simla's Army Staff, †
Because—she's sweet and pretty.

—: o :—

² *John Keats*. "Endymion." Book II. Line I.

† A *plum* of army service in India.

AT VESPERS.

At Vespers bowed, as twilight ends the day,
And glowing tapers shed their mellow glare ;
Enthralled—constrained—with trusting faith I say,
Maria Sancta ! save me from despair !

The priest appears in vested array,
And kneels with acolytes in silent prayer.
Whilst I beseeching,—I, a thing of clay—
Maria Sancta ! save me from despair !

The organ swelleth, fragrant censers sway,
With incense clouds the chancel air :
Maria—Holy Virgin !—hear me pray :
Descend, approach, save—save me from despair !

—: o :—

THE PASSING OF LEO XIII.*

Sage Leo ! pious Pontiff, rapt recluse,
Bard—Prelate—Theologian—Saintly King ;
Like withered leaf, that Heaven forbears to loose,
Upon the vital stem still lingering.

The Oil of Grace within thy lamp burns low :
With God at peace, calm rests thy fragile frame ;
Saint Peter's Light yet glints its parting glow,—†
Inexorable death transfers the Flame !

—: o :—

* 20th July, 1903.

† The Apostolic Succession.

"OH THAT I HAD WINGS."

Oh that I had wings like a dove !
Then would I fly away, and be at rest.
Psalms lv. 6. Revised Version.

"Oh that I had wings
Like a (love-cooing) dove !"
I'd soar far away.
To the bright Realms above.

Upward I would fly,
And I'd quest for the Blest,
And stray not, nor stay,
Till in Heaven I found rest.

—: o :—

DISSECTING CREEDS.

AN EPIGRAM.

"If that table has a soul, and who in these days of hair-splitting religious philosophies shall say it has not?"—*Fanny Bullock Workman*—*Dr. Hunter Workman*. "In the Ice World of Himalaya." (page 83).

The mystic East was long the binding home
Of hatched religions, from Japan to Rome !
But now, the West—a pious Monte Cristo,—
Hair-splits religious creeds, from Rome to Frisco !

—: o :—

TO THINK.

(*A One word rhyming, Stopless, Monosyllabic Monody.*)

"To comprehend we have to think, and we all hate thinking. It is too much exertion."—*Marie Corelli*. "The Master Christian."

"To live is to think and to feel one's soul."—*Joubert*.

Some seem of mind to think
The more they try to think
The more they have to think
And so they seem to think
It is not good to think
Nor does it aid to think

Such give no heed to think
They say 'tis toil to think
And not worth while to think
That they just hate to think
So do not care to think
And feel wise not to think

Thus those who will not think
But let their friends go think
Make most of life they think
Tho' great ones all who think
And minds of might that think
Save time and cost most think

Now we in mood to think
Oft feel no strain to think
Yet had these lines "TO THINK"
To think this out "TO THINK"
And think it well to think
Think has it *worth* "TO THINK"

—: o :—

THE HATFIELD VIKING !

The century is past—its Empress dead :
Her last great Premier—Salisbury, sped :
When *shall* we see their like ? Who *can* foretell ?—
“ After life’s fitful fever,” they sleep well.

The Angel-Timekeeper, takes who he will :
For Peers like Commoners, are helpless still,
In sleep’s soft arms the Hatfield Viking fell :—
“ After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well.”

Conservative was he, and wont to think,
Peers’ *Privilege* with eternity to link :
His faith held *Vested Interest* a spell :—
“ After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well.”

This grand old pilot, ever watchful stood,
To steer the Ship of State o’er surging flood.—
He’s gone ! Let all now sadly toll the bell :—
“ After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well.”

WOOING AND WINNING!*

As a maid, lovers three came abothering me,
 And they flattered and praised as we strolled o'er the lea,
 Till we came to a streamlet, obstructing our way ;
 When the first one drew closer, and ventured to say,
 " Oh, lady fair ! see, above, quite near,
 Are stepping-stones, the brook to clear,
 Come, come with me, and do not fear."

Then the second mild swain said, " Dear lady beware !
 Do not heed his enticement, his words would ensnare,
 For the stepping-stone-crossing has long disappeared,
 And the brooklet by *that* way, now cannot be cleared.
 Oh, lady fair ! ah, no longer stay,
 But let us down the streamlet stray,
 And cross with me, I know a way."

Now the third came quite near, a brave beau without fear,
 And he clasped me, and kissed me, and called me his dear,
 And he bore me across, and he claimed me with pride !
 Then affrighted I trembled,—but now am his bride.
 Sweet ladies fair, ah ! you know men's needs,
 And lovers' words each lady heeds ;
 But better far are loving deeds !

—: o :—

* Music by M. Rafalewski. Published by Rutter & Co., Leeds.

GLORY'S FAME !

" The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

A chieftain fired with glory's fame
 In days of long ago,
 Spurred swift his troop of aashing horse,
 To meet the stubborn foe ;
 Then thrilled th' opposing clans' wild breath,
 That raged for glory's reign ;
 There, sabring, cleaving, dealing death,
 The gallant chief was slain !

Ah ! then, " the tears of warlike men ! "
 Their stifled sobs of grief,
 With covered eyes, and throbbing hearts,
 That mourn their gallant chief !—
 There lies he prone, by crimson'd stone,
 Alas ! that red, pierced breast !
 His spirit's flown to Heaven's bright throne,
 Where hero-souls find rest.*

" Revenge ! revenge ! " his troopers cried,
 " Though we've the battle won ;
 Yet *must* we have their chieftain's blood,
 For what his sword has done ! "
 Then, thundering on the parting foe,
 Soon vengeance they acclaim ;
 And now both chiefs in death lie low
 Thus won their Glory's Fame !

—:O:—

* For music, the second verse may be omitted.

GOOD-BYE !—GOOD-BYE !

Our dear ones leave us, friends depart,
 And change with time ;—ah ! so do we ;—
 But oh ! the sorrow and the smart,
 When loved ones leave to cross the sea ;
 Then, fear of fevered, stranger-lands,
 The starting tear, and heart-felt sigh,
 The kiss, and grasp of loving hands,
 And parting cry, Good-Bye !—Good-Bye !
 Ah ! cherished forms we prize,—
 The tear-drops fill our eyes,—
 With aching hearts, we hear your cry,
“ Farewell ! Farewell ! Good-bye !—Good-bye ! ”

As time its passage onwards wings,
 The distant, loved, dear friends of yore,
 Still fill our hearts, and memory clings,
 Although we ne'er may see them more.
 The sun of life will set some day,
 And we must flee,—no sorrow then,—
 Amid the realms of bliss to stray,
 There meet our best loved ones again.
 Ah ! cherished forms we prize,—
 The tear-drops fill our eyes,—
 With aching hearts, we hear your cry,
“ Farewell ! Farewell ! Good-bye !—Good-bye ! ”

Entente Cordiale.

FRANCE TO BRITAIN.

"TAKE THIS BACK TO TIPPERARY."*

Take this back to Tipperary,
Take it back across the sea ;
Show this favour to your people,
Say all France admires thee.
Stand before me, Noble Britain,
Let me deck your gallant breast !
Take this back to Tipperary,
To the Colleen loved the best.

CHORUS VERSE—

Take this back to Tipperary,
Take it back across the sea ;
We with plucky, little Belgium !
Shall for ever Allies be.
Take this back to Tipperary,
Take it back triumphantly !
We are bound as one together,
In the Fight for Liberty !

* The poem is founded upon the artistic picture postcard of *La Belle France* pinning a Rosette of the Tricolour Ribbons to the breast of a khaki-clad, fully equipped British soldier, with the words :—

"Take this back to Tipperary."

The verses have been set to original music by the author and published by Weeks & Co., 14, Hanover Street, Regent Street, London, W.

Take this choice Rosette of Ribbons
Of our World-famed Colours three
Take this back to Tipperary,
Let the Irish nation see
That we honour Britain's courage,
And united we must be!
Take this back to Tipperary,
That *La Belle France* pins to thee.

(*Chorus.*)

By God's blessing that is *with* you,
By your deeds on land and sea!
Take this back to Tipperary,
Take it back invincibly!
By the Mighty God of Battles!
By the blood you've shed for me!
Take this back to Tipperary,
TAKE IT BACK WITH VICTORY!

(*Chorus.*)



LADY CURZON.

"America gave a prize to us,
A Vicereine illustrious."

Page 150, lines 19, 20.

"Lady Curzon was a tall, graceful, handsome, queenly woman."

Page 159, footnote.

LADY CURZON.*

(Obiit, 18th July, 1906.)

A PANEGYRIC REQUIEM.

A noble woman passed to rest
Above the skies, among the blest.
Her gentle nature touch the cord,
That won a crown of Heaven's reward,
While here, with us, on India's soil ;
By sacrifice, and dint of toil,
And giving time, coin, mind and grace,
To benefit the Indian race
Of women, out of sight installed,
By parents' caste and custom thrall'd,
And who, but for the "Dufferin Fund,"
Would still the healing art have shun'd.†

The Lady Curzon, day by day,
Administered this Fund's wide sway ;—
And made it flourish straight away.—
For others, needing midwife's hand,
She prayed benignly through the land,
And craved that those of slender means,

* "The large number of costly telegrams and letters from influential persons, communities, and associations in India, which were addressed to Lord Curzon, direct, on the death of her ladyship, had to be acknowledged collectively by a general thanking paragraph in the papers ; but the poem, which reached his lordship indirectly, brought the following *autograph* letter from our late Viceroy :—

'To CAPTAIN J. A. KEBLE, HAPPY VALLEY TEA ESTATE, Darjeeling.
TULLORA CASTLE, N.B., 21st August, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to thank you for your kind words and verses about Lady Curzon, which you contributed to the Press.

Yours faithfully, CURZON.'

We congratulate Captain Keble on being appreciated by so apt a scholar and critic as his lordship." *The Darjeeling "Visitor," 18th September, 1906.*

† A doctor's intrusion, even of the same class and breed could not be allowed. It would break their caste. "The Lady Dufferin Fund" installed Doctoresses in Women's Hospitals.

And girl-wives in their early teens,
 Frail, timid, *purdah* (blanched) *nasheens*,*
 And weak ones, whose sole friends are female,
 Might each have midwife's help in travail ;
 So, founded Ind.'s " Victoria Fund,"
 And hushed the cry, "*Derwaza bund !*"†

Her honied speech and winning grace,
 Made more pronounced her charm of face ;
 Which beamed soft gestures, witching, kind,
 Whilst words of sweetness intertwin'd.
 Her soul was bright with piety,
 And heart o'erflowed with charity.
 Her gentle pleading made us feel
 'Twas an angelical appeal,
 So far as such in flesh could be ;
 And now she's blest eternally.
 A woman then, to strive and plead,
 An angel now to intercede.‡

America gave a prize to us,
 A Vicereine illustrious ;
 Whose personality was grand,
 And hospitality full hand.
 Her handsome presence, gracious smile,
 With death are hard to reconcile.
 It strikes remorselessly, we know,
 Its fiat dread, to lay us low,
 To part from us our loved ones dear,
 Transfer them blest to Happier Sphere !
 So, *she* was chosen, beautiful ;
 To swell Heaven's Choir dutiful.§

* Indian *purdah nasheen* ladies who are not permitted to see or be seen by men, other than their near relations.

† The door is shut, or No admittance. You cannot come in.

‡ On Sunday night, 24th September, 1899, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, American Missionaries, had six children, in school at Darjeeling, overwhelmed (with other children) by a landslip, caused through a great cyclonic storm and torrential rain. Three of their bodies were never recovered.

"Lady Curzon telegraphed to Mrs. Lee, how all mother-hearts turned towards her in prayerful sympathy." *Rev. Jas. Brown, B.A., B.D.*

Memoirs, "Frances E. Brockway," p. 114. Unwin Brothers, London.

§ Lady Curzon was a tall, graceful, handsome, queenly woman.

We've lost a treasured sister's hand,
 That drew her folks to view our land ;
 A sterling race, from Pilgrims sprung,
 Brave sons of peace, and Union ;
 To form with us a bond of love ;
 But now she's passed ! and raised above !
 She's passed !—We mourn her loss with grief,
 With deepest sorrow ; but belief,
 That Heaven has claimed its blessed own ;
 For *by* its fruit the tree is known.*
 The chosen, death doth not appal,
 Who pray, " Thy will be done " in all.

We grieve for him, who ruled us well,
 Lord Curzon, whom but few excel.
 May peace be his, until the day,
 When he, shall peaceful pass away,
 To meet again, her, loved on earth,
 Transformed, a form of heavenly birth.
 May God, their children make like them,
 And crown with Heavenly diadem !
 In whose distinguished, noble blood,
 Was born a link of Sisterhood ;
 Two hemispheres drawn hand to hand,
 The Union's strand and Motherland !

God bless the motherless wee fay,
 God bless their father, so we pray.
 God bless us all, and bless for aye,
 Is low the prayer of

J. A. K.

Darjeeling, 20-7-1906.

—: O :—

* "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

"Wherefore by their fruit ye shall know them." Matthew vii. 18, 20.

A SHIBBOLETH.

*The V. and W. Test, for India-bred Anglo-Indians.**

A wiry vine wound round a village tree.
 A weeping willow wept vain work to see.
 A violin waged violent war.—When, where?
 Why, whilst vibrations wave-like vexed the air.
 A widow vainly wrapped wet watercress,
 For valorous volunteer in warm wool dress,
 Who vaulted horse,—away to wrestling war, †
 Well wrapped in waterproof—weird warrior!

By verge of water-wheels he whirls along,
 Well victualled, venturesome, no vestige wrong.
 Arrived within wide view of vanguard vast,
 He wildly whistles; wails, "Videttes avast!
 I wait, a victory-working Volunteer;
 I wish to woo wrist-watches. Whist! I'm here."—
*"Avaunt! your words are varnished, waxed veneer,
 You want wrist wares to wear, Go! windward veer."*

* In the olden days, the East India Company's European troops, the forefathers of most of the Anglo-Indians, were recruited generally from Cockneydom; and in those times, the pronounced verbal speciality of the class, was the using of W for V which was voiced by "Punch," in "Weal, wine, and winegar, wery good wictuals I wow;" which helped to kill it in England. The generality of India-bred people of European or semi-European descent, have usually the misfortune to mispronounce words and syllables beginning with the letter V or W. Not that they cannot pronounce these correctly; but they give the sound of V. to W. and of W. to V.; for instance, as a chorus of high school girls sang, "We'll avay to the willage green." This ostracising pronunciation still clings to many of them. "If there is one thing more than another that 'society' detests and will not tolerate, as showing vulgar association, it is provincialisms, h droppings, etc." It is thought that if some such Shibboleth as this, were read in Anglo-Indian schools, and the correct pronunciation enforced, the defect would soon disappear.

To easily pronounce words beginning with the letter w, the lips should be pressed forward close together as in whistling; to pronounce words beginning with v, the upper teeth should be placed upon the lower lip.

† The annual Volunteer Training Camp.

“Go where?—Well, Virtue wayward will be wending;
 We venary voyagers whine for wealth when vending.
 Who ventures not, may welcomè valid fine,
 Here, wrecked without, we wail for vase of wine:—
 Convince our wits the world wags on divine;—
 We verily wane, whilst you, *well-wishers* joke:
 You valiant wasters! vinegar invoke
 To whelm your visage. You’re but just awoke.”

He worried, wretched, vicious, wanting whiff
 Of weed to vitalise,—or whisky’s sniff.—
 To win vine wreath had wandered vaguely on,
 A whilom wag, who vaunted Wellington.
 Wan, worn, vexed, warped and weak, he wires vain words.
 As weary, wry, his vacant wallet girds.
 Way backward wobbles, vagrant varlet wild;
 Volition vibrate, as a weeping child.

These words most written W.V. perforce,
 Wag-*wiseacres*’ vouched wisdom will unhorse,
 To speak good English is *sine quâ non*,
 You ’mongst wise folks have been wandering on.—
 Articulate these V’s and W’s well,
 Enunciate them clearly, make each tell,
 And work away. You’ll vanquish verbs, have won
 When all have ’voided what before was done.

Then, *who* will wilful, wage a wanton doubt,
 Your verve is victimised within, without,
 In voicing vows with wily, warbling tongue,
 Quite void of *wvengeance*, *vhich* before was wrung?—
 Now, country-breds,—no worms or vipers you,
 Don’t wear out *wipers* white in vulgar view;
 Nor vert this up, and worsted, walk away,
 But waft it—word it—voice it—every day!

A WONDROUS TREE!

SOUVENIR OF AGRA, INDIA.

The Story of Agra's Great Peepul Tree and its Captive !

This Souvenir was most graciously accepted by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on their arrival at Agra, 16th December, 1905 ; who, through Sir Walter Lawrence, conveyed their thanks to the author.

The poem tells a strange story, based, however, upon fact ; for when stationed at Agra, India, for three years, (1893-1896,) I frequently saw and pondered over the wonderful working of Nature, upon which the poem is founded. There, in the Cantonment Cemetery, a majestic Peepul Tree shows—almost wholly incorporated into its huge, pythonic trunk, and several feet above ground—the sundered tomb, and its plinth, of a woman's grave ! A few mural stones are also visible in the tree, nearer its foot.*

Beside a woman's sculptured tomb had grown
A stately palm, that drooped high o'er the stone
Its plume-like crest, as though by grief distraught.
Meanwhile, its stem a peepul seed had caught,
Which, germinating, fragile tendrils bred,
That crept to earth, took root, gained strength, and spread.
There nourished well, they throve, waxed tough, entwined
Climbed, coalesced, contorted, coiled, combined ;
Suppressed the palm till flow of sap was stopped,
So, reft of life, its branches withered—dropped !

Anon, a Peepul Tree's huge trunk there stood,
Of cording, curving, convoluting wood,
With branch and foliage ranging wide o'erhead ;
Whose girth, enlarged as yearly seasons sped,
Transgressed the hallowed tomb's encircling zone,
Until it touched, and later grasped the stone,
Then lo ! the Tree—strange innate force applied ;
Enwrapped within its bole, the sculptures wide,
And marvellously raised both plinth and them,
To where they show forth now, amid the stem !

* The Peepul, *Ficus Religiosa*, is the Sacred Tree of India, whose leaves, resembling those of the poplar, remain vividly green during the hottest weather. The elephant crunches with relish its juicy boughs, and its succulent leaves are the camel's delight.

From a large picture by the author's daughter, Millie.



AGRA'S GREAT PEEPUL TREE.

"Sealed Sleeper . . . screened unseen 'neath rustling wreath,
Low-whispering, woos the gazer underneath."

Page 155, stanza 3.

These slabs entwined by arms that draw and press,
 Were gently loosed and raised by growing's stress ;
 And now, some mural stones may be discerned,
 That walled the sacred grave the corpse inurned :
 Nay more ; the confined-dead, in death's long sleep,
 Environed too, by roots incurving deep,
 May soon arise, exhumed, a Captive bound,
 Uplifted, shrined, exalted o'er her mound
 As tomb and plinth : esteemed of sainted worth ;
 Mohammed-like upheld, twixt heaven and earth !

In pace requiescat pleads the scroll,
 While hot-winds parch, monsoon's dread thunders roll ;
 But still inexorable, the tree doth spread.
 Unheeding graven word or slumbering dead ;
 Still heightening draws the slabs, and girdling slow,
 As more and more the binding fibres grow.
 Its giant roots with unrelenting force,
 Converging silently uplift the corse,
 Which thus embraced, makes calm, inert ascent ;—
 Man's prayer 'gainst Destiny is impotent !—

Yet though, Sealed Sleeper thou dost gently move,
 Transcending, blending, who would disapprove
 Thy sylvan bliss by Transmigration now ?—
 Absorbed, revived in verdant bough !
 Renascent, screened unseen 'neath rustling wreath,
 Low-whispering, woos the gazer underneath ; *
 Who, musing 'mid thy tree's sequestered gloom,
 On Death—the Spirit-Life—the inviolable tomb,
 Enthralled in fancies, catching murmured word
 From hum of bee, or stir of hidden bird,
 Might deem thee conscious, faintly thus to sigh :—

*Misfortune's mine !—My lot unblest ! for I,
 Though loved on Earth—yea, pledged, was ne'er a bride ;
 Yet fair as thou who pauseth now beside*

* There is a mood in which persons of a certain temperament find it difficult to distinguish the real from the imaginary, in which they hear the sounds of Nature and mistake them for voices from the other world.—*Hall Caine*. "The Prodigal Son."

*My sundered grave, and lowly, leaguered bed,
 Begirt by ropes of wood that bind the dead.
 Here python-like encompassed closely round,
 A prisoner I, by clasping upgrowth bound.
 Those mural blocks, unearthed from out my tomb,
 Declare the rest must share their exiled doom ;
 So Fate permits me not in peace to lie.
 Can aught rude Nature's outrage justify ?*

Then, soothingly replying, one could say :
 None step, Sweet Shadow, o'er thy hallowed clay :
 Nor pause unmov'd beside this sacred place,
 Where *thou* hast burst the tomb. Fair first of race
 Redeemed from earth with vernal verdure blent,
 Borne up, towards heaven by Heaven's Omnipotent !
 Here tombed within a spreading, shadowing tree,
 God's will is seen that thou upraised shouldst be ;
 Thus mortals all must surely hold thee blest,
 Embosomed peerless, graced with quickened rest !

No mausoleum, or grand cathedral space,
 Nor lovely, chiselled screen of marble lace,
 Could offer thee such vital resting place ? *

No Martyr, Empress, Cæsar, Satrap, Seer,
 Hath tenanted in either hemisphere,
 Such Heaven-raised, living-tomb as shrouds thee here !

The thousands drawn to thy engirding Tree,
 Perturb no whit thy sleep's serenity :
 They reading muse ; and spell-bound, read again :
In pace requiescat. So—Amen.

—: o :—

* Refers to the beautiful, perforated marble screen in the Taj Mahal
 Agra.

A lovely, chiselled screen of marble lace,
 Surrounds, adorns, and shields the central space :
 Within, two splendid cenotaph are seen,
 Of Shah Jehan—Mumtaz Mahal his Queen.

The author's poem, "The Taj Mahal."

THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA.

PROLOGUE.

On this Memorable Day, 25th October, 1854, in the Crimean Peninsula, Britain's comparatively small, but valorous army showed its mettle with flashing splendour.

Balaclava Day is not kept up, nor is Trafalgar Day, with the object of glorifying war, but, following the example of other countries, we have wisely determined not to allow our great victory-anniversaries to pass entirely out of mind, and so let the nation drift into a spirit of apathy as regards commemorating the mighty deeds and heroic fortitude that have aided so materially in building up and maintaining the Empire; for any such indifference would speedily transmute us into a "Nation of shopkeepers" in verity, and ultimately consign us to the rank of a Fifth Rate Power at the very first stamp of "The hoof of the ruthless invader,"—and that, despite the long and Brilliant Record of our Peerless Past, our World-wide Maritime and Commercial Relations, our Matchless Naval and Colonial Achievements, and the Unique Position to which we have attained as an Imperial Race. Lord Macaulay wrote, "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." So

"Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

it is well to celebrate these glorious anniversaries, not in a spirit of boastfulness, but with earnest, sober thankfulness, and in order to preserve them from merging through negligence into mere meaningless names; and last, though not least, to stir the blood we have inherited from our bold and resolute fathers, and so prevent it from becoming sluggish and losing its fire, even for defence! for be it ever borne in mind, that the survival of nations, as of individuals, depends upon the continuance of their fitness! The Japanese

"Affirm, if you would govern peace,

Your power to strike must never cease."

In other words, in the present state of the world, if you would be assured of living in peace, you must be prepared for war, and ready and strong enough to repel invasion and to triumphantly defend your interests. Then none will care to attack you!

(This Prologue, and Epilogue page 171, were published as a single article in *The Sunday Times*, London, and *The Journal*, Calcutta, on Balaclava Jubilee Day, 1904.)

THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA.

The Russians assault with 25,000 men and 78 guns the camp-garrison of Balaclava 5,000 strong, and capture the Turks' earthwork-redoubts, Nos. 1 to 6.

On Balaclava's Causeway height,
Before the break of day's dim light
Had pierced the mist, dull sounds arose,
The marching tread of hordes of foes.
Alarms from picquets' shots, were heard
And soon the Russian host appear'd :
Attacked the Turks' advance redoubt,
And put its guard to fearful rout.
Retrenchments, breastworks one by one,
Were stormed, and so the Causeway won.
The Cossacks swift, with fell design,
Spurred on to spear the "thin red line"
That guarded Balaclava's shore ;
The Allied Armies' base and store.

The 93rd Highlanders and Sir Collin Campbell.

The Highlanders were lined across
The route of Russia's far-famed horse.
Sir Collin Campbell, sword in hand,
Cried "*93rd ! die where you stand !*"
And then, as clanged the squadrons' feet,
"*Remember there is no retreat.*"
They knew it, and they needed none !
At once outblazed each ready gun,
And turned the charging Cossacks back,
To block their marching columns' track.
Meanwhile, the day wore on apace ;
And troopers mount to stay, efface
The loss of cannon, works and men ;
And drive the onslaught back again.

Our Regiments' Glory.

Our Regiments, great in battle story,
In dashing, charging, fighting glory.
Youth's hey-day *verve* for ever theirs,
The spirit too that ever dares !
With thrill that martial history breeds
In emulation's dauntless deeds !
Esprit de corps and heroism,
Staunch loyalty and patriotism.

The dear old regiments, always young,
 Whose honours won, on colours strung,
 And borne aloft, each corps' best pride,
 Show gallant feats for which men died !

The British
 Heavy
 Cavalry.

The British Heavy Cavalry,
 Whilst moving forward jauntily,—
 No thought of Cossacks of the Don,
 By troop and troop were passing on,
 To demonstrate, or lend support ;—
 Saw near their left, a great cohort
 Of Lancers, crowd a flanking hill,
 And downward press, with trumpets' thrill.
 Surprising came the marshalled sight,
 A forest raised of lances bright ;
 The grey-coat Cossacks, like a cloud,
 Spread down the hill, a living shroud.

The famous
 Cossack Lan-
 cers, 3,000
 strong.

The British
 Heavy Horse
 surprised.

What *would* the British Horsemen do ?
 Ten times their number close in view !
 No chance there seemed th' attack to waive.
 Sir Scarlett thought, an instant gave.
 How *could* he life, disaster save ?—
 Such moments are eternities !
 That shape our deeds and destinies.—
Form line, and front them, peeled the word,
And then we'll smash against the herd.
 They wheeled, and faced th' advancing Horse !
 Which then began to slack its course.

1

2

1. Brigadier-General Sir James Scarlett, commanded the Heavy Cavalry Brigade.

2. The camp of the Light Brigade having been hastily struck when the early morning alarm was given, its tents were lying loosely spread on the ground, with their ropes to the pegs ; and as the Heavy Brigade was then moving along the opposite side of the camp from the Russian advancing Horse, its commander, thinking that some trap may have been laid, and that the Heavy Brigade passing by unheeding his force was the lure to draw his division to destruction, ordered a halt ; just then, the Heavy Brigade having cleared the tents, their charge was made !

The Charge of "Scarlett's Three Hundred." The two squadrons Scots Greys, and the second squadron Inniskilling Dragoons. *Trot! Gallop! Charge!* Sir Scarlett said,
 And up the slope the Heavies sped.
 The Red Dragoons were ranged by him,
 Who bravely led with daring vim.
 The distance, just 400 yards,
 Was soon behind th' assaulting Guards,
 The Greys and Inniskillings true,
 Charged screaming as at Waterloo!
 And Blenheim, Salamanca too!
 Fierce onset made, as oft before,
 And terrified with stroke and roar.

3

The Impact. To charge up hill against a foe,
 Needs prowess, fire, and martial go.
 The inborn, warlike, pride of race,
 Conspicuous in the dashing pace
 To meet the foe, and force conclusion,
 And wreck the horde by fierce intrusion.
 Th' excitement wild! The charging rush!
 And impact 'gainst th' engulfing crush,
 At which the fighting passion rose,
 And then came *hell* to human foes!

4

3. The Scots Greys and Royal Dragoons took part in the great Cavalry Charge right into the centre of the enemy, that won victory at Blenheim, 13th August, 1704.

The heavy Cavalry Brigade consisting of the 3rd, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, under command of Le Marchant, with Anson's Light Cavalry, performed at Salamanca, 22nd July, 1812, one of the most memorable cavalry charges on record, capturing 5 guns, 2,000 prisoners, and destroying three divisions as a military body. *Dr. W. H. Fitchett.*

4. This daring charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade is quite in accord with their glorious antecedents and the victory-honours borne upon their colours. One of the most gallant exploits ever chronicled in the annals of war, was the valiant charge of the British Heavy Cavalry Brigade—the Royal Dragoons, Inniskillings, and Scots Greys,—at the great battle of Waterloo, whose magnificent action is not eclipsed in history, no, not even by the grand charge of "Scarlett's three hundred," or the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade." As the Scots Greys galloped down the slope to engage, screaming their clarion war-cry, "Scotland for Ever!" their swords flashing in the grip of exulting determination, there was heard, above the thunderous cannonade and din of battle, the rousing cheers of their countrymen, the kilted Highlanders, whom they were passing, and whose pibroch thrilling "Savage and shrill!" instilled them with the fierce native daring of their mountaineers, and

"The stirring memory of a thousand years!"

So on they charged to signal and splendid victory that can never be surpassed.

The Fight
for Life.

The hoarse, inspiriting, inchoate roar,
Inspiring, rising more and more,
Increased the din of battle's strife,
The slashing, stabbing, fight for life.
Annihilation seemed their lot,
By lance, and sword, and circling knot.
There wedged, within a live *impasse*,
Each strove to cleave the seething mass ;
So flashing sabres whirled each way,
Like flaming sword of Eden's day !

4th Dragoon
Guards.

Both flanks of crowded Cossack mass,
Wheeled in, to give a *coup de grâce*.

Just then, the 4th Dragoons came on,
Espied the strife, and soon were gone
To aid with impact, thrust and clank ;
And hew their way from flank to flank !

1st Royal
Dragoon
Guards.

The Royal Dragoons had heard the fight
And sought the scene, with war's delight :

As near they came, with stunned amaze,
Beheld the foe, infold the Greys !

At which, one cried, beside a dallop,* (*A tuft or clump.)

"By God the Greys are cut off! Gallop!"

Then tearing on, to slash and hack,
Plunged bang! upon the Cossacks' back,
And smote them into utter rack.

5th Dragoon
Guards.

The 5th Dragoons with ardour keen,
Had galloped hard to reach the scene ;

And crashing on pell mell, were seen

To catch the right infolding flank,

And floor it, as one downs a plank.

1st Squadron
Inniskilling
Dragoons.

The Inniskilling's brave 1st Squadron,

Then reached the ridge of near horizon ;

And dashing 'gainst the left curved flank,

Impaled it back on th' fronting rank,—

And joining thus the battle's wrath,

Strove might and main to cut a path.

No chance was seen to sabre through ;

But yet their prowess did it, true !

By deeds of might, no word of boast,

The few o'ercame the crowded host !

The British Heavy Cavalry's Victory.
500 to 600 strong.

Three hundred troopers charged at first,
And 'mid the horde became immers'd,
And would have been annihilated,
Had not their comrades subjugated,
By deeds of might, that words surpass !
Six hundred swords, thus charged a mass,
Three thousand horse, and won repass !
By pluck, initiative of leaders,
And cutting clear through all impeters.
The great horde swayed and fell asunder ;
Its break-up, filled the world with wonder !
The Combat's strife eight minutes blazed,
Whilst four great armies wondering gazed
No cloud or smoke obscured the war,
So dash and deed the gazers saw.

Martial Praise.

The Highlanders sent forth a cheer,
That rang throughout the battle's sphere
A General of France, unbent ;
Declared 'twas "*most magnificent ;*"
And when the clashing fight was o'er,
"*Most glorious thing I ever saw.*"
Sir Colin galloped straight across,
To praise, though pained at Britain's loss.
Greys ! gallant Greys ! he said, *our thanks !*
If I were young again for pranks,
How proud I'd be to join your ranks !
The French acclaimed their admiration.
The Turks bowed down in adulation.

Lord Raglan's Tribute.

Lord Raglan's simple tribute run,
*To Scarlett and his men " Well done ! " **

Homeric Deeds.

The Heavies, splendid deeds had wrought,
Each hero 'gainst a cluster fought :
Homeric, individual work,
That part avenged the smitten Turk.
Such splendid, dashing feats, "*Well done.*"
Unstinted praise from all had won.

* Lord Raglan was the Commander of the whole British Forces in the Crimea.

The Light Brigade held back from helping! Throughout the fight, and fleeing thrill ;
 The Light Brigade quite near, stood still :
 Its gallant Leader, Cardigan,
 " A narrow-brained," " contentious man ; " 5
 One *who* for trifles, sans reward,
 Twice risked his life with duelling sword. 6
 Now here, he had a helping chance,
 To fell and pierce with sword and lance ;
 And could have smote their open flank,
 But sat, and swore like common *crank*. 7

An Uninitiative Commander. A Squadron Leader begged to go,
 And fall upon the shattered foe! 8
 Who then were huddled, struggling past,
 But Cardigan said, *No, stand fast !*
Keep steady ; I hold here command !
My orders are to steadfast stand.
 His orders were, from Lucan's speech,
To strike at all that comes in reach ; 9
 Of course *defend his post* as well.
 The sequel's passing strange to tell.
 Through order giv'n, defend his post,
 He would not stir to smite the host
 Of broken Horse, before his face ;
 Which brought on aftermath's disgrace.
 Both he and Lucan, just the same ;
 And so by history held to blame.

5. Said of Lord Cardigan in Kinglake's " Invasion of the Crimea," and Dr. W. H. Fitchett's " Fights for the Flag."

6. Once about *the colour of a bottle!* and again about *the size of a tea-cup!*

7. " Lord Cardigan was himself the public informant who adduced in a Court of Justice this picturesque proof of his feelings—' We were spectators,' says one of his witnesses of that encounter ; (the Charge of the Heavy Brigade) and those who heard and saw Lord Cardigan during the time that was going on, will not easily forget the chagrin and disappointment he evinced when riding up and down our line. He constantly repeated, ' Damn those Heavies, they have the laugh of us this day.' " *A. W. Kinglake.* " The Invasion of the Crimea."

8. Captain Morris, commanding the 17th Lancers, afterwards Colonel Morris, who died in India, during the Mutiny.

9. Lord Lucan was the commander of the British Cavalry Division, both the Heavy and Light Brigade. " Like Cardigan, he was an obstinate and contentious man." (*Kinglake.*)

Lord
Cardigan's
inaction.

A pair of Sackvilles held command !
Who tactics did not understand.
Lord Cardigan would not pursue,—
Forgot one order out of two,—
Allowed the harried Horse to flee
Close past him, with impunity.
Of war, but little understood ;
So, absolutely passive stood !
A bad mistake, he surely made ;
But nobly led the Light Brigade !
Three sets of guns now came in play,
And cleared the huddled Horse away.

10

The 4th
British
Infantry
Division,
commanded
by Sir George
Cathcart,
ordered
to retake the
redoubts.

The Cossack Lancers had preceded
Their batteries, which now receded ;
And all the Allies' field was clear,
Except the Causeway Heights, just near,—
Before the Allies right position.—
Lord Raglan quickly made decision ;
So Cathcart's force, the 4th Division,
Was told to make an expedition
Against the heights with infantry,
To drive the grey-coat soldiery,
From out redoubts, and Arabtabia, (No. 3 Redoubt.)
And clear the hill's invested area.

Cathcart's
Recusancy.

He passed redoubts six, five and four ;
All three the foe had left before.

10. Lord George Sackville commanded the superb British and Hanoverian Horse at the Battle of Minden, 1st August 1759 : "an opportunity lay before him such as few battles have ever offered. A whole army, indeed, lay at his mercy ; but Sackville was in no mood for charging. He cavilled at his orders ; he affected to misunderstand them. Was he to attack with the 'whole cavalry,' or with the 'British cavalry?' He discovered offence in the eagerness which marked the bearing of the aide-de-camp, Colonel Fitzroy, who came up with the urgently repeated order to charge. . . . Thrice an aide-de-camp rode up to Lord Sackville with the order to charge, without inducing him to move . . . Lord George Sackville bore himself fiercely, and in stentorian tones challenged a full investigation. He was dismissed from all his posts as a preliminary . . . and tried by court-martial. . . . The court-martial . . . found that Lord George had disobeyed orders, and was unfit to serve His Majesty in any military capacity whatever."—*Dr. W. H. Fitchett*. "Fights for the Flag."

But as to earthworks three, two, one,
 He left them to be later won !
 Spread skirmishers, to lie, a line ;
 And waited there, for further sign !
 He first delayed to ply the order,
 Then failed his task, when near the border.
 Would not advance and make attack ;
 In what he did was flagrant slack.
 The three redoubts were empty nigh,
 He'd but to move and occupy.

11

Cavalry to
 retake
 "the guns."

His orders were attack and break
 The weak defence, then onward rake,
 And all the six redoubts retake.
 Lord Raglan now, to save delay,
 And stir Sir Cathcart to the fray,*
 And also too, to save "the guns,"—
 Those captured from the Turks, the ones,—
 That then were turned, to wheel away,
 As prize of Balaclava's Day !—
 Sent written order, sharp to Lucan,
 By *Aide-de-Camp*, brave Captain Nolan.
 "Lord Raglan's orders, are," said he,
 "*You should attack immediately.*"
 The written order ran this way,
*The cavalry by rapid sway,
 Must stop the guns being hauled away,
 A troop of Horse-Artillery
 May follow or accompany.*

Lord Lucan's
 Petulance.

Lord Lucan shaped for criticising.
 The order seemed to him surprising.
 He read with due "*consideration*,"
 Perhaps word better, "*consternation*,"

11. When the A.D.C. brought the order to Sir George, for his Division to attack and recover the redoubts ; he said, his men had been in the trenches all night, and had but just returned, and were tired out. It was only after consulting with his Brigade Commanders that he ordered the assembly and moved his Division.

* Was killed, eleven days after, at Inkermann,

"The guns" from there, not "being in sight,"
 To question Nolan, thought it right.
Attack what guns? Attack, sir! where?
"Your enemy and guns are there!"
 Said Nolan, pointing past the van.
 Then Lucan rode to Cardigan.
 These Cavalry Commanders brave,
 Estranged had been, and ne'er forgave;
 Nor had they lived on speaking terms,
 Were argumentative by turns;
 But both were daring, gallant men,
 Though wanting war's discernment then.
 Lord Lucan stubborn, as the other;
 In this he might have been his brother.

Lord Lucan's
 Contumacy. Just half an hour previously,
 He had an order;—*Cavalry*
Retake the guns on heights or try,
Supports of Infantry are nigh.
 Before he'd move, he wished to see,
 This said, supporting Infantry,
 So execution was delayed;
 And many thought he'd disobeyed.
 Now this, his fourth, last order came,
 And put his brain in tantram frame.
 Instead of doing what was ordered,
 His mind, it seems, became disordered.
 He held the order, written out,
 And had he, but the slightest doubt,
 He *should* have read again throughout.

A Great
 Mistake. He knew what "*guns*" were meant, quite well;
 But marvellously strange the spell,
 That Nolan's words and wave of hand,
 Gave Lucan's brain to understand,
 And frame a wholly wrong conclusion,
 A dreadful, dooming, dire delusion!
 That Russian guns, a mile away,
 Amidst their battle's armed array,
 Supported back, right, left, each way
 Were now "*the guns*," he formerly
 Had been directed then to free;

So made the homicidal blunder,
Which rent the Light Brigade asunder !
And gave the order for the raid,
That "*sacrificed the Light Brigade.*"

Remonstrance vain ! Lord Cardigan, remonstrance made :—

*The enemy, can enfilade,
Have batteries high above both flanks,
And this in front, to scourge our ranks,
And infantry and cavalry.—*

No spoil was there for bravery,
Nor gain for martial chivalry.—

Lord Lucan sends the Light Brigade to Destruction ! Lord Lucan said, quite led astray,
No choice is there, you MUST obey.—
To charge twelve guns a mile away !—

Then Cardigan unflinching said,
Brigade Advance ! and fearless led !

Captain Nolan galloping to correct the fault, is killed.

When Nolan saw that Cardigan,
Was leading wrong the sweeping van,
He galloped hard, in dazed dismay,
Across its front, to show the way ;
But meeting shell-torn death, just then ;
Straight onward sped the charging men.—
A Guardsman, at the time, well said,
They'll blame poor Nolan, now he's dead.
And that he caused the fault, was *shown*,
By using words with *taunting* tone.
Is't not the easiest thing to say,

The *tone* was disrespectful ! Eh ?— (See Col. Fitzroy.

Note 10 p. 166.)

"The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The Light Brigade began advance,
With gleaming sword and streaming lance.
Hussars, dragoons, and lancers bright,
In squadrons, scarlet, blue, and white,
Went speeding on, through cannonade,
And double raking enfilade !
And frontal grape, case-shot, and shell,
Belched forth, as from the "mouth of hell."
At each discharge, bold riders sank ;
But those ascendant never shrank ;

Loose horses crazed rejoined the ranks,
And plunged upon the chargers' flanks.

The Light Brigade, in spite of slaughter,
For full a mile and then a quarter,
Mid storm of shot and cross-fire scourge,
Still on, their fiery steed they urge,
And tearing past the "battery smoke,"
To pierce, and smite with mortal stroke ;
Through "jaws of death," to "mouth of hell,"
Swift sabring, on the gunners fell ;
Then dashed against the rearward horse.
And spread confusion, shed remorse.
A marvellously gallant feat,
That reaped renown, release, retreat.

Lord Lucan fails to give support. Lord Lucan vouched that Nolan taunted ;
Though first said naught ! Was later daunted !
So moved away supporting force,
And failed to aid the brave Light Horse !
" They've sacrificed the Light Brigade,"
Said he ! *The Heavies must be stayed.*
Then left the charging lines, for good,
To win return, best way they could !
Withdrew his troops from out the scene,
And let the Cossacks come between !

12

The splendid 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique,
About whom now 'tis time to speak ;
The French Commander of its Horse,*
Resolved to send a rescue force :
He realised, the Light Brigade,
To reach return, would need some aid ;

* General
Morris, the
hero of
Isly.

12. Lord Lucan moved the Heavy Brigade a short distance down the valley to aid the Light Brigade in returning, but on account of the fire of the enemy's guns, withdrew beyond the valley, under cover of the near, low hills, and did not help the Light Brigade either by display, menace or deed.

The Earl of Lucan was ordered to resign the Cavalry Command and return to England. The Earl of Cardigan was invalided home. Both these noble Lords made unavailing appeals to parliament, and entered into unnecessary and unsatisfactory litigation, *re* their professional acts, in the Crimea, which only served to prove their instability of temperament, and incapacity as commanders (*Kinglake.*)

General D'Allonville. So under General D'Allonville,
Despatched this famous corps uphill,
To clear the ridge of flanking fire ;
Which made the foe in haste retire. 13

The end of the battle of 25th October. 'Twas thus, the remnant coming back,
Was saved from fire of right attack. 14
By this the Russian Infantry,
With guns, returned to man the three
Redoubts ; and held them fast till night
And darkness stayed the wayward fight !
Then Cathcart's men, forsook the flat ;
And so the day remained at that !—
Next morn the strife again began,
And struggled on till Inkermann.— (5th November, 1854.

Epilogue.

The famous Charge of the British Light Cavalry Brigade was a deed that most strikingly exemplified the *first duty* of a soldier, namely, *Obedience*, even to confronting death without question or demur !

At the Allied Armies' end of the Valley of Balaclava, was a small body of British Light Horse, between six and seven hundred strong, ordered, through a misconception, to charge, straight in front, a Field Battery of 12 guns in position, at the other end of the valley, a mile and a quarter away ! No instructions were given as to the object to be attained beyond charging the guns, or what they were subsequently to do, or when to return. Two cantankerous leaders were the prime actors in the homicidal muddle. One in command of the whole British Cavalry in the field, and the other in command of the Light Cavalry Brigade. These commanders were not upon speaking terms with each other. The former, after only glancing at his written orders, and without well weighing them, sent the Light Brigade in the wrong direction to destruction, and without instructions ; and the latter

13. "The names of General Morris and General D'Allonville are remembered in the English army with admiration and gratitude."—*A. W. Kinglake*, "The Invasion of the Crimea." (Vol. V., page 277.)

14. It was the Russian right attack guns, on the ridge above the valley, that smote the left of the Light Brigade whilst advancing, and would have smitten its right on returning, but for the Chasseurs' onslaught compelling a hasty retreat.

recklessly started the charge without deigning to ask for any. The 12-gun battery was not only closely supported by masses of cavalry and infantry—an army in themselves—but the high ground on both sides all the way down the valley was held by the enemy in force; so that, before the Light Brigade could strike a single blow, the devoted squadrons had, during their awful nerve-straining race of a mile and a quarter, not only to run the gauntlet of a slaughterous cannonade from both flanks; but also to face the thundering, devastating battery in front—a hell of flashing flame and destruction! Lord Tennyson in his poem, “The Charge of the Light Brigade,” says, “some one had blunder’d;” and history tells us that the Commander of the British Cavalry Division, the Earl of Lucan, received on the field, a *written* order, which ran thus:—“*Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany. French Cavalry is on your left. Immediate.*” The guns meant of course were those in the redoubts on the heights, that he had previously been directed to recover, above the right *near end* of valley, and could not refer to the battery at the distant end. They were English cannon which had been captured from the Turks earlier in the day by the Russians, and which the latter were endeavouring to carry off. This order, though read, had seemingly, at once passed from mind, and a directing wave of the *Aide-de-Camp’s* hand, was interpreted as a command to charge the enemy’s guns at the *far end* of the valley. A monumental blunder! which resulted in the Light Brigade being ordered to the suicidal task. Every man then braced himself for the fray, and unmurmuringly accepted martyrdom! Thereupon was enacted, (in full view of the four armies, Russian, Turkish, French and British, who were occupying the heights around, and who had a short time previously witnessed the splendid charge and victory of the British Heavy Cavalry Brigade) that dramatic instance of undaunted military daring, and incomparable prowess, which evoked from the startled world the thrill of amazement and admiring wonder, that is now historical! and which is enshrined in the memory of the British race, to live as long as war’s heroic deeds shall be considered honourable.

The Light Brigade consisted of squadrons from five regiments, which are now the 4th, 8th, 11th and 13th Hussars and 17th Lancers, 673 officers and men, all told; of whom

only 195 mounted men returned ; and this remnant—many of whom were badly wounded,—had, whilst returning, to collect in groups, and dash into and hew their way through two separate lines of the enemy's horse, who meanwhile had descended from the hillsides of the valley, and were forming across it at two separate parts, to block the way and cut off retreat. How a single rider even, ever escaped the cross and frontal salvoes of shot and shell that greeted them till they reached the far end of the valley,

“Plunged in the battery smoke,”

and got in touch with the gunners ; slashed through them, and dashed into the mass of Cossack Cavalry formed up in rear ; then, cut themselves free to return ; braving again the fire from

“Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,”

and from the guns, now behind, which they had so recently silenced, by

“Sabring the gunners there,”

and finally clove their way back through those two forming lines of the enemy's horsemen, seems almost a miracle !—But, they were a brotherhood of valiant spirits, intrepid, self-reliant, each man a hero, and not to be denied !

Such was “The Charge (*and return*) of the Light Brigade.” The blunder from which it originated was never vividly realised, and is now altogether fading from popular remembrance. Well, let it fade, for after all, its origin is only “the mortal part of the story.” The immortal splendour remains ! And “splendour like this is something more than the mere outward adornment that graces the life of a nation. It is strength—strength other than that of mere riches, and other than that of gross numbers.” It is strength calmly and confidently awaiting whatever trials the future may have in store for the nation. It was, in sooth, a noble feat of arms,

“Charging an army,
While all the world wondered,” *

that exhibited an amplitude of lofty devotion and indomitable

* See “The Revelation.” Chapter xiii., verse 3.

pluck, which stands a never-to-be-forgotten marvel in the world's history ; and which in all probability will never be repeated : unless, perchance, similar orders may be received under somewhat like circumstances by their *successors in arms* ! Should such ever happen, there is not the slightest doubt, but that the same mighty puissance and astounding valour would again be displayed,—ay, were it to-morrow ! as was shown to the gaze of the wonder-struck world, on the shot-torn, bloodstained turf of undying Balaclava !

—:o:—

THE EMPIRE'S ANTHEM.

A MALTA VERSE.*

God guard our native land,
 Keep us within Thy hand,
 God save the King !
 Grant us in peace to thrive,
Each for each other strive !
 Onward, victorious drive
 God save the King !



* From the author's work, "Malta. A Souvenir Pæan of Praise !"

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Brahmin, Bhutia, Buccaneer,
Chaplain, Curate, Charlatan,
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Communist, Collectivist,
Donatist, *Dome*, Demonist,
Each Ecclesiastic grave,
Friars, Fathers faithful, brave,
Great Souls eager souls to save,
Heathen, Hindu, Humanist,
Indian, Imp, Idealist,
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Kirky Kin, Kern, Khyberees,
Lepcha, Loafer, Lutheran,
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Gooroo, Gazer, Gideonist,
Hadji, Hector, Huguenot,
Idiots, *Touched* and all *so-so*,
Jew, Jain, Judas, Jade, Jack, Jo,
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Pleader, Pundit, Pessimist,
Questioner, Queen, Queryist,
Rift, Reformer, Rapparees,
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Smart-Set Sinner, *Swine-o Hog*,
Theist, Tattler, Theologue,
Urbane Unitarian,
Vagrant, Vegetarian,
Walloon, Warder, Wherryman,
Xenos, Xingu, Xanthian,
Yankee, Younker, Yokel, Thrall,
Zealot, Zany, Zabian, *All!*

Padri, Lamas, Sisters, Nuns,
Not a blessed one it shuns!
Names, a few, here fill the sheet,
"CREEDS" however, reads complete!
Every one, by hook or crook,
Should at once peruse this book;
You will find Yourself therein.
Get it *now*, and "CREEDS" begin!

J.A.K.



"CREEDS, A World-Embracing Pæan."

BY CAPTAIN J. A. KEBLE, R. 1st EAST SURREY REGIMENT.

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PROLOGUE.

Attend, *Supreme in wisdom!* Creed-bound priest!
With Gods—a Trinity—above the skies,
And trust in Scriptures gleaned from th' *Mystic East!*
A rude awakening awaits the *wise!*

Some few may analyse, the masses' throng
Is credulous, to reason with but vain.
In early youth faith-teaching, *right* or *wrong*,
Makes impress deep that thralls th' maturing brain.

Indulgent creeds console frail minds that err,
Remitting sins, that such may happy be:
Assuring bliss supernal, and confer
The vast endowment of eternity!

Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece!
Their gods have waned, their shrines to earth are cast!
Their priests—like ours—acclaimed an endless lease;
But *now* their gods and greatness, *all* is past!

And *must* such spoiling end the Church's creed?
The "One true faith," by sovereignty held fast!
Which nought to evolution may concede,
Immutable! so will for ever last!

Church meets each age with fitting doctrine-bands,
As truth evolves, that nothing can restrain!
On Scripture-truth "God's Word," Church *sanguine* stands.—
Heaven's "God is Truth!" that shall for ever reign!—

J. A. K.





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